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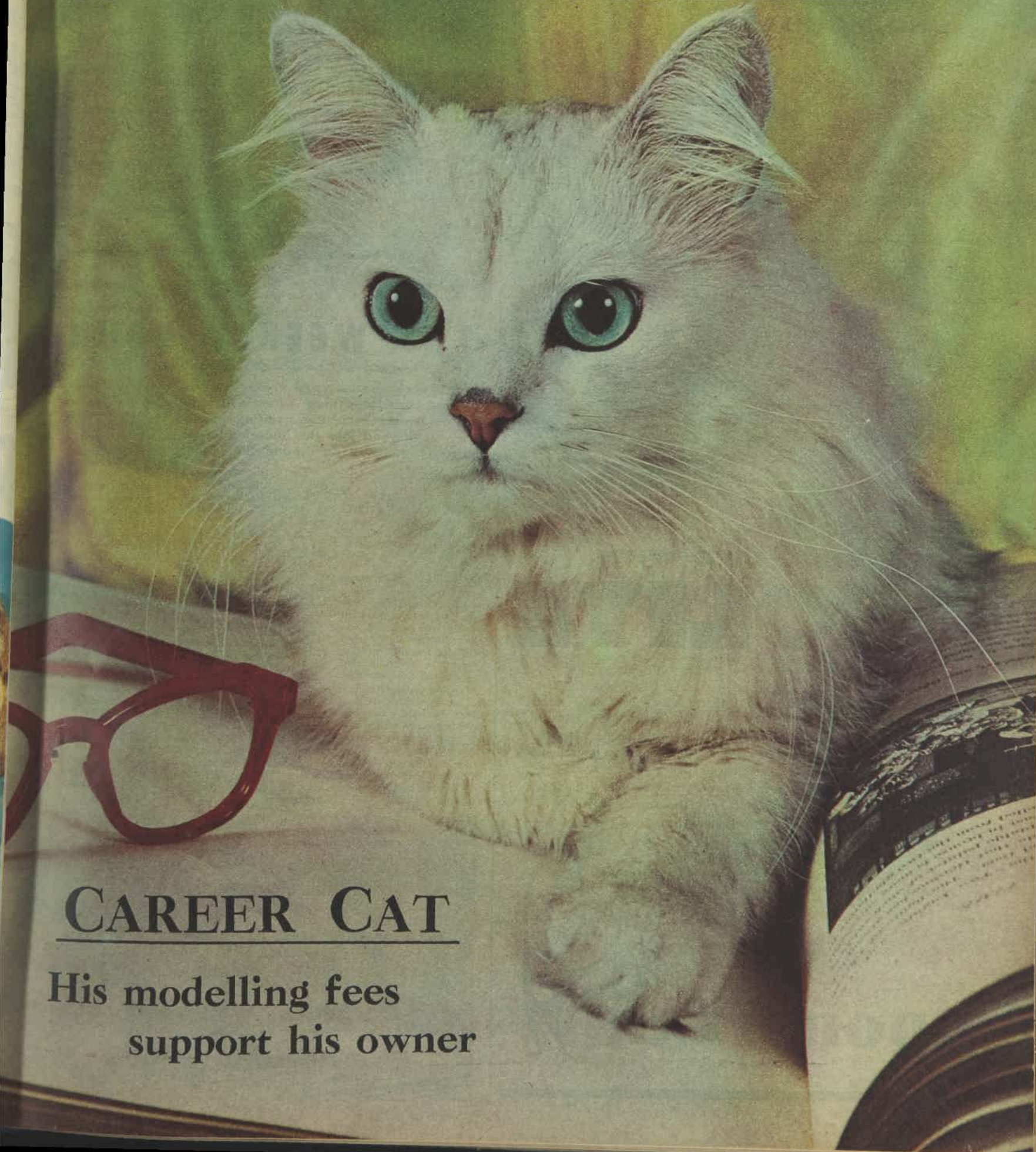
The Australian

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Next week we start a new weekly feature, **Be Your Own Handyman**, which will help your renovating, carpeting, painting, papering—all the odd jobs the householder or housewife wants to do around the home.

**T**HE first feature tells how to make a narrow hall look larger; how to build shelves and a folding coffee table into an unused doorway.

★ ★ ★  
**BACKGROUND** material for our new romantic two-part serial, "The Voyagers," by Margaret Culkin Banning (see page 23), was collected by the author when she was on a cruise trip from America to Australia and New Zealand two years ago.

Margaret Culkin Banning, one of America's leading women writers, considers travelling as one of her hobbies and she has seen most of the world.

While in Sydney she said she thought that every young girl should have a good education and travel.

"The latter isn't so difficult these days," she said. She added: "I would like to come back to Australia again."

★ ★ ★  
**MRS. DOROTHY MCINTOSH**, who supplied us with some of the hints for growing hydrangeas, in our gardening section this week (page 35), feels that hydrangeas have brought her many friends.

In an issue of The Australian Women's Weekly in 1954 we published pictures of hydrangeas grown in her garden at Roseville, N.S.W.

Mrs. McIntosh says she received 700 letters from all over the world.

One woman, who was contemplating a trip to Australia, made up her mind to definitely come after seeing the pictures of the hydrangeas.

### OUR COVER

● It's Nicodemus, the American cat who earns 5000 dollars (about £2500) a year as a top photographers' model. Read Nicodemus' amazing story, illustrated with pictures of him at work, on pages 4-5 this week.

Nicodemus is pictured below posing haughtily on a pile of copies of The Australian Women's Weekly.

The picture was taken in our New York office.

While we were preparing this week's condensation of Nicodemus' biography we had a few queries.

Our New York staff telephoned his owner, Loiselle Adams, for the answers.

Miss Adams was so delighted that Nicodemus' fame was spreading to Australia that she insisted they make a personal call to our office.





# THE MAN WHO WENT BEYOND WORDS

● A world-famous exponent of the art of mime, Marcel Marceau, will pay his first visit to Australia next month.

By BETTY BEST, in London



MARCEL MARCEAU as Bip, his best-known personality. His tour opens in Sydney on February 2, and he will go on to Brisbane (February 25), New Zealand (March 4), Adelaide (March 25), and Melbourne (March 29).

IN the stalls bar of the Piccadilly Theatre in London, fifty people were all talking at once.

The usual hubbub of cocktail-party receptions was at top volume. Raves about previous performances and guesses on the length of future runs mingled with the chatter of compliments which make every theatrical gathering a noisy, breathless affair.

Over at one corner of the bar was a still, leaning figure.

In a long dark overcoat and dark suit, he merged so effectively into the background of panelled walls as to be almost invisible. Beside him was a glass of fruit juice.

From under a slightly lowered brow he surveyed the room with piercing eyes.

He seemed to notice everything—the way a woman lit her cigarette, the movements of the maids as they carried trays of sandwiches. I saw him concentrate for nearly a minute on a newcomer who had trouble with her outside handbag while she peeled off her long kid gloves.

His very intensity, and the fact that there was comparative silence all around him, made me realise that this was the man we had all come to meet.

For this was the man who had gone beyond words. The man who creates through silence.

## Across the barriers

Marcel Marceau is recognised as the world's greatest mime. Through him an art which had left the world's stages for more than a century has returned as an international box-office hit.

From France to Israel, Japan to Russia, America to Poland he has communicated with all kinds of people without uttering a word. Through body movement and facial expression he has crossed more barriers, emotional, social, and political, than any pamphlet for world peace.

Marceau has developed the art of silent expression to such a pitch that at first meeting he seems almost wary of words—as if they might be traitors to his meaning.

"I do not want to be an entertainer," he told me when I asked what had drawn him to mime. "I mean, I am not an entertainer."

Seeing my surprise, he leaned forward to clarify. "I am an artist. An artist does not just entertain. He creates."

"This one also hypnotises," I thought, realising that while he spoke I was so enthralled that I had become unconscious of the party around me.

Marcel was an apprentice enameller in World War II. As soon as France was liberated he studied in Paris under two famous mimes, Charles Dullin and Etienne Decroux.

"I did not want to speak on stage," he said. "One is only interpreting the author's words and thoughts. This, for me, is not enough."

"I must begin at the beginning with my own thoughts

and then discover how to interpret them in a way which everyone will understand without words. For words can have many meanings, and some situations can be expressed better by mime.

"But you will see when you see my show. Then come and talk to me—then you will know me."

Two days later I knew what he meant. From the second the houselights dimmed, the world of ordinary speech dropped away.

Marceau becomes the essence of each character he portrays. No matter how typical and how mundane a figure he takes on he becomes the prototype from which all the others have sprung.

Hence the young boys with a kite, the prisoner, the sculptor, the judge, the lawyer, and the circus performer all become, while he enacts them, the first and last of their kind.

The second half of his programme which will be seen in Australia is all about Bip.

Bip is the character he created some years ago as a symbol of anyone of us at grips with modern times. A kind of modern Pierrot in white trousers, striped shirt, short jacket, and top hat with its perky long-stalked rose emerging from the crown, the figure has become a famous sign of the common man through Europe and America.

Bip does everything we all do, with such intense poignancy that we see ourselves and our mistakes more clearly through him than in any mirror.

When he has a brief triumph or happiness the audience beams with pleasure. When he suffers embarrassment or disappointment the audience squirms with sympathy.

When I got backstage after the show I said: "You asked

me to ask you questions after I had seen you. Now there is no need for questions. My only trouble is that I know that no words can express what I have seen."

"Ah, now you understand," he said, beaming through his white face make-up. "That is why I am a mime. Because these are things you cannot say."

The famous producer Joan Littlewood came in.

"Ah, Joan, we must take Betty to our rehearsal. She understands everything I do not say. Betty, these are new things for America you must see."

## When the spell broke

We went back into the now empty theatre. For the next hour we lived in another world.

In his new numbers Marceau was entering what he feels is a new venture. Each had a most pertinent social comment to make. Each kept to the flawless style of the previous show, but was more complicated in what it had to say. Yet each was as clear and complete a statement as if he had been reading the most lucid prose.

Only once was the spell broken.

In the middle of one number both Joan and I leapt up in our seats as if we had been shot. We were so startled it took us a few seconds to gain our breath.

All that had happened was that Marcel had hissed over the footlights, "There is a chair here."

It was not what he said but the fact that he had spoken. It was like shattering a pane of glass, and it produced almost a physical hurt.

Had he not spoken I might never have known how complete was the spell he had cast on us. It was so perfect as to be unnoticeable.



# • Famed Nicodemus, photographer's model



OF 29,000,000 CATS in the United States, Nicodemus is the only one who can wink one eye at will.

IT was in the bustling city of modern New York that Nicodemus, a handsome, platinum-white Persian, aged seven, won his way from (metaphorical) rags to riches.

His career as a glamor model has brought him enormous fame—he was named Career Cat of the Year in 1960—and such fortune that today he keeps his owner, Loiselle Adams, in a comfortable New York hotel, where he, too, lives.

And he has his own firm—he is board chairman of Nicodemus Enterprises.

His wardrobe reflects his importance. When not in the mood for fans he can don a tiny pair of smoked sunglasses just like any other star.

He has a hat made by the famous milliner Mr. John, an opera cloak of bright pink suede with tails lined with gold lame, a skunk parka, and dozens of glamorous collars and leashes.

## Shrimp, vodka

And to keep up his strength for modelling he eats raw steer liver—with a sip of vodka, maybe — or shrimp or caviare.

But like most of the famous, Nicodemus could never have succeeded alone. Although he has been a hard worker, a good deal of the credit must go to his blond, blue-eyed owner.

Today Loiselle is fully occupied "managing" Nicodemus — she sees to it he keeps his appointments, arranges his money matters, lines up his "jobs," watches his health, keeps him beautiful.

And she has benefited, too, for she has found in Nicodemus' career a purpose for her own life.

Indeed, their teamwork has changed both their lives for the better.

But none of this was obvious at the unpromising start of Nicodemus' life. There was not then even the faintest clue as to his glorious future.

Born seven years ago to an aristocratic silver-white Persian mother and father, Nicodemus, alone of his brothers and sisters, looked so puny and ragged that after only a few weeks of life he was given away to a pet shop to sell.

In other words, he was rejected as a faulty product. As if in proof of his worthlessness he lay with closed eyes among some torn newspapers in the pet-shop window.

He didn't even attempt to charm possible cat buyers as they passed. He didn't chase his tail or perform any endearing antics.

And he certainly didn't demonstrate his only unique trick. For Nicodemus, alone out of 29,000,000 cats in the United States, was able to wink one eye flirtatiously and at will.

The result was there was no glamor or romance in the purchasing of Nicodemus, no luxurious home for him to go to, no adoring, enthusiastic children — or other kittens — for him to play with.

Alas, it was only a dreary young husband, who had just quarrelled with his wife and separated from her, who came and bought him.

This didn't surprise the pet-shop people — they were

● Nicodemus was a shy, unwanted kitten and a retiring adult cat—until he got a break in the glamorous world of fashion. Now he's frankly famous. Rich American jewelers, furriers, make-up firms, and others pay him 50 dollars (£25) an hour to pose for glossy photographs advertising their wares. He's a CAREER CAT, with a big future.

● "Choose between your cat and me," yelled the young man, proposing marriage. "I choose the cat," stormed Loiselle. The man slammed out and left for Europe.



lar switch-girl was away from work with an attack of food poisoning.

In her place a temporary-employment agency sent a casual telephone girl called Loiselle Adams.

She was by no means an expert switchboard operator, or even businesslike in her approach to the work of a busy office, and she was blond, blue eyed, and rather a scatterbrain.

But she had other qualities, too. One was a terrific warm-heartedness. Another, that she loved cats.

## Cat-lover

She listened to the almost desperate young husband's request for an owner for Nicodemus—"a homely little cat, but quite nice."

Then, neglecting nine incoming telephone calls and three outgoing, she began pleading for the cat without even having seen him.

"I love cats so much that once I borrowed the butcher's cat for the weekend," she said (while the switchboard behind her buzzed like a swarm of bees).

"And he was a black cat—not white like yours."

"I often walk past the florist's in Lexington Avenue just to see their grey cat."

Of course, the young husband would gratefully have jumped at the chance to get rid of Nicodemus.

But, in any case, the boss came round, and the deal was concluded in double-quick time.

Loiselle collected Nicodemus that same afternoon after work and carried him home in her tote-bag.

She was completely delighted, but Nicodemus, always shy and acquiescent (a quality that was to endear him later to the photographers), simply slunk into the bag and slid down out of sight.

Probably the big change

quite used to young men whose marital ship had just hit a reef coming along to buy a cat.

Anyway, they were glad to get rid of the sullen, scrawny kitten.

## "Lonesome"

So Nicodemus went home in the sad young husband's pocket. And home turned out to be a fourth-floor "walk-up" in Brooklyn, small, somewhat barren of furniture, and lonesome.

Nicodemus was alone all day while his owner went to work, and didn't get much attention at night, either, for

the young man was studying law.

Doldrums for a cat destined to be a star!

Things got worse when, after only a few weeks, the young husband and his wife patched things up.

But she wouldn't have Nicodemus. "You know I hate cats," she remarked. "He's got to go."

So next day at work the distressed young husband began telling his office mates about his problem of having to get rid of Nicodemus in order to get his pretty wife back.

Now, it so happened that that very morning the regu-

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5000  
DOLLARS  
A YEAR  
(and pays  
income tax  
on it)



# SUCCESS STORY

# THE CAT WHO KEEPS HIS OWNER

*(Who turned down a marriage offer for Nicky's sake)*

• LOISELLE ADAMS, OWNER OF NICODEMUS



in his life at this stage was that, where nobody had taken much notice of him before, Loiselle took notice of him all the time.

For she really did like cats, and in particular she liked Nicodemus, now her very own cat. She chatted away to him almost incessantly.

"It's only the subway, dear," she told him when they got to that part of the journey, and "Welcome home, Nicodemus," when she got to the lamplit living-

room of the apartment she shared with another girl, Jane, who was out on a date that evening.

Then, as Nicodemus stood blinking uncertainly, she picked him up and carried him round the few rooms explaining everything to him as she went — how Jane owned the early American furniture, how she shared the rent with Jane, and so on.

## "Sleepy"

She gave him his supper, told him all about her family in the South, and how it was scattered now through about five towns and she'd always felt rather lonely.

But Nicodemus could hardly keep his eyes open.

Finally he settled down on her pillow and she later laid her own head down beside him.

But neither was aware, as they slept that night, that their friendship would eventually alter both their lives completely.

However, it was to be three years before their fortunes began to rise.

During those years Nicky made no effort of any kind

to develop his character or personality.

He was simply a cat, and a shy one at that, and he lived in Loiselle's shadow.

Although his body grew to full stature with the passing of time and he was very beautiful, his outlook remained shrivelled in fear—except, of course, when Loiselle was with him.

It was only in her company that he felt confidence, and she was the only one who ever saw the gay, fun-loving side of this serious cat's nature.

He would chase spoons down a rug, leap with joy from desk to bookcase top—he was as active as a mountain goat in this respect—and roll about with glee.

And it was only with Loiselle that he occasionally tried out his most charming trick, which was to wink one of his huge green eyes slowly, provocatively, cheekily.

With other people he remained rigidly withdrawn.

He watched fearfully from beneath furniture when parties were on, or even when one of her numerous boy-friends came to take her out to dinner.

He shook with terror on those few Sundays when she took him for an airing in Central Park.

Finally she gave up the airings altogether and allowed him to lead his life just his own way, in peace.

Anyway, she had her own worries.

In the heart of New York, in the midst of a highly competitive world, everything about her own life (except her fondness for Nicodemus) tended to be temporary.

She was temporarily solvent, then temporarily insolvent; temporarily employed, then temporarily out of a job.

## Room-mates

She had temporary boy-friends, temporary homes, and on one occasion rented a temporary gown for a ball.

Even the girl-friends who were her room-mates were temporary.

Jane, for instance, got married, and Loiselle and Nicky had to find a new apartment and room-mate—Bonnie, an air hostess.

Bonnie was nearly always

Continued on page 24

Page 5

## ON THE JOB

Toiling for Tiffany's, fabulous New York jewellers, Nicky wears across his brow a diamond necklace worth 100,000 dollars (£50,000). The dog is a wolf-hound. Armed guards policed this posing.




## HIS FIRST FASHION JOB

(he posed in a tiara to help advertise Revlon's nail polish)







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# The elephants will be no problem

## ... At Sydney's Opera House

By CAROL HENTY



ARCHITECTURE student Neville Clouten points out interesting features of the Opera House at Bennelong Point. In the background is the A.M.P. building.

"FANCY thinking all this out!" said an elderly woman in the party.

Everyone on the 2 p.m. guided tour of the Sydney Opera House agreed with her. The colossus of Bennelong Point was quite a wonder.

"Twice as large in cubic area as the newly completed A.M.P. building," said the youthful guide, Neville Clouten, an architecture student.

The party of 50 or so "tourists" looked over the water to the A.M.P. building at Circular Quay.

"The shells of the roof will be 10ft. taller than the flag on the top of Unilever House," continued Mr. Clouten.

The party's gaze swung round to the flag fluttering high above Macquarie Street.

"Or, to be more precise, the highest shell will be 50ft. higher than the Harbor Bridge road."

A middle-aged dapper man looked anxious. "Does that mean," he asked, "that it will hide the arch of our beautiful bridge?" His accent was Central European.

Reassured that the view of the bridge would be unimpaired, he smiled and happily wound round the half-mile, hour-and-a-half tour without another question.

The first stage of the building programme is completed, but it is still difficult to imagine the glory of the finished product and the glamor of the opening night—some time in 1965, said the guide.

The "first" stage comprises three floors, covering five-and-a-half acres of the 10-acre site.

The first floor will house all the stage machinery and scenery. The second will include 15 rehearsal rooms, the seating, restaurant, and concourse.

There are two floors below ground level (sea level in this case), which will be used for storage and for the air-conditioning system. Also below ground level, floors for car-parking are being planned.

At the moment all is cliffs and chasms of concrete—85,000 tons of it—like a bleak, grey fortress.

"Or an old Spanish castle," suggested one of the party.

"The workmen are only clearing up now," said Mr. Clouten above the din and clanging.

"In February the work will begin of placing the shells which will form the roof. The last stage will be the finishing of the interior and exterior and installing the stage machinery."

"How much is all this going to cost?" someone asked.

"The first stage — what we see now — has cost only £2 million," said the guide. "Completed, the Opera House will cost a minimum of £12 million, which is approximately the cost of the A.M.P. building and the Lend Lease and Unilever buildings put together."

"But that's not a fair comparison," said the questioner. "The Opera House land didn't cost a penny to buy. What about the cost of the land for the other buildings?"

There was a mild argument. The guide won.

"Where is the entrance for the elephants?" asked a young housewife, looking down from the amphitheatre-like tiers of seats into the enormous stage pit.

"For an opera like 'Aida,'" said Mr. Clouten, "the transport of the elephants and camels has been catered for. They can't walk up stairs, you know."

The elephants and camels will be trucked into the building through the same passage on the ground floor as the rest of the stage scenery. They will be deposited at the entrance to the stage in the large theatre.

From there they will step on to one of the nine lifts which will form the stage area. These lifts will be three-dimensional and capable of moving up and down and forwards and backwards. To move an elephant from the ground floor to the third floor will be no problem.

"Isn't it wonderful?" said the elderly woman. "And to think that it's happening in Sydney."

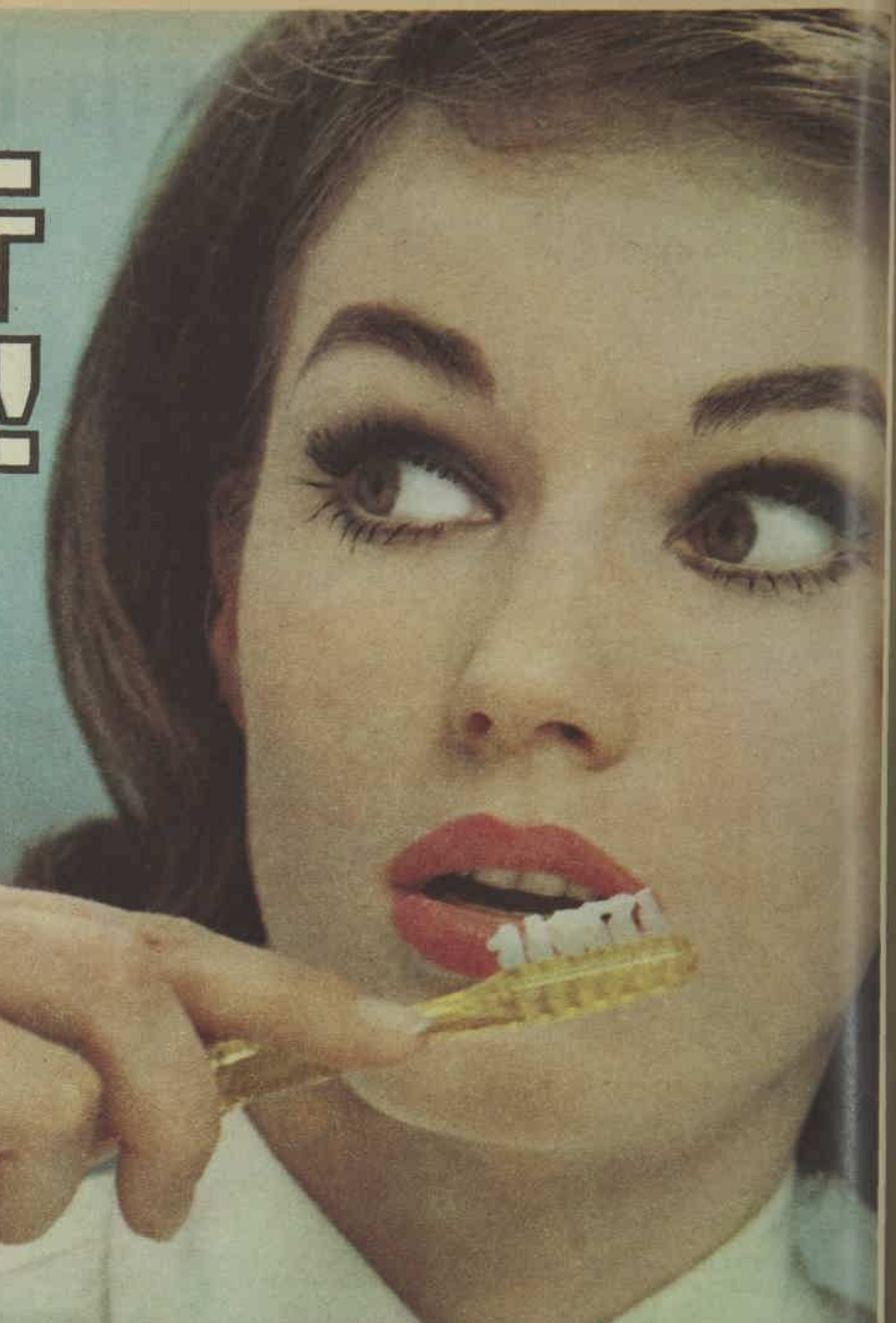
The Opera House tours, conducted week days at 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., and 4 p.m., will continue until February 1, when work on the roof shells will begin.

**OPERA HOUSE**  
"tourists" at one of the ground-floor entrances (left). Below: Tiers in the large theatre will seat 1800 people.





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# He fell in love with "The Merry Widow"

● One evening in 1908, when he was 18 years old, young Alister V. Allum, like so many other Australians, saw "The Merry Widow" for the first time.

THE production, brought here by the great J. C. Williamson himself, starred the fascinating Carrie Moore as the Widow, with Andrew Higginson as Danilo.

If you were prepared to queue — and risk being killed in the rush — you could get a seat in the gallery for 2/6; first-night prices in the stalls and circle were 5/6 and 7/6.

Little knowing that his whole life was to be changed, Alister Allum paid his half-a-crown. The lights dimmed, the orchestra struck up, the red velvet curtains parted, and Alister Allum fell in love — with a passion still undiminished in his 73rd year — with the music of Franz Lehar.

"I had heard my friends playing it on their pianos," he said. "We hadn't wireless then — but the way most people played there was no knowing what it was really like until I saw the show. I was enraptured by that music."

So enraptured that he sent a programme to Lehar himself, asking him to autograph it and telling him what enchantment the gay music had given him.

("Carrie Moore," he reminisces, "was lovely and vivacious — the best of the dancing Merry Widows. Our Glad, vocally, was the finest we ever had. It's not an easy part, you know, because the star's got to sing and dance superbly. June Bronhill? She was wonderful.")

Lehar wrote back to his young correspondent, "I am surprised and delighted that such a typically Viennese

product should be so appreciated in the Antipodes."

So began a correspondence that was to end with the composer's death in 1948.

At first Lehar wrote in German, which Mr. Allum had translated.

"They got a bit tired of me at the German Embassy," he remembers, with a cheerful grin. "So I set to and learnt German."

The next Lehar operetta to reach Melbourne was "The Count of Luxemb-

By  
SHEILA SIBLEY

bourg," followed in 1914 by "Gypsy Love."

"Gypsy Love" has always been jinxed in Melbourne. World War I broke out just after it opened, and local patriots, being unable to distinguish between the war-like Prussians and the gay, pleasure-loving Viennese, damned Lehar's works with chauvinistic fervor.

The second time it was presented — this time at the Kings Theatre — World War II began. The male chorus was swallowed whole by the Army, and poor "Gypsy Love" collapsed again.

One of the songs from this show, with new lyrics, became a great hit for Lawrence Tibbett.

("I think they called it 'Beautiful White Dove,'" Mr. Allum said. "You know how it goes?" He hummed a rollicking stave, at which the photographer and I burst simultaneously into,

"In your arms, my sweet white dove, I will build my

only throne . . ." thus establishing the pattern of the interview. We seldom burst into song on business, but Lehar melodies induce such lightness of heart that one is inclined to forget the world is taking itself seriously these days.)

Fifty-five years of living in a Lehar waltz have made Mr. Allum one of the gayest septuagenarians one could possibly encounter.

It is typical of him that he has called his small weatherboard house at Footscray, an industrial suburb where many abodes are on the gloomy side, "Wiener Wald" — Vienna Woods. His small front garden spills over with summer flowers.

He has seen the Vienna Woods—the day he went to the races in an open landau with the Lehar family.

In 1928 the composer, after twenty years of correspondence, had written warmly: "Have you ever thought of coming to Europe? Frau Lehar and I would be happy to welcome you to Vienna."

## Vienna idyll

It was the depression years and money was hard to come by. Nevertheless, Alister Allum raised £72 for a return boat ticket, second-class.

Bearing as gifts for the composer a blackwood walking-stick (it had a silver top, with Lehar's name engraved on it) and blackwood baton, and a kookaburra brooch for Frau Lehar, he set off for Vienna.

"You can imagine what kind of state I was in when that train pulled into the station." His blue eyes light



MR. ALISTER ALLUM with his souvenirs of Franz Lehar. On the wall, framed in black, is the announcement of Lehar's death. The large portrait in the centre is of Lehar himself.

like a boy's at the recollection.

"It was 10 o'clock at night — and twilight, because it was summer. I still remember the smell of coffee from all the little cafes.

"There were very few people about. Then this little man came up, with both his arms held out, and said, 'Ah, Alsa!' (he couldn't pronounce Alister). So you are here at last!"

They drove round Vienna in a carriage, Lehar pointing out the State Opera House, St. Stephen's Cathedral, and other landmarks. Then he installed Mr. Allum as his guest in a hotel — an elegant, wonderful Viennese hotel not far from where the Lehars lived.

"I looked around me," Mr. Allum said simply, "and I felt like the Prince of Wales."

Then he was bundled off to the composer's flat to join

a supper party and meet Frau Lehar, who professed herself delighted with the kookaburra brooch and pinned it on immediately.

Those three weeks in Vienna were enough for Alister Allum to dwell on for a lifetime. He speaks of his meeting with Lehar as though it were yesterday.

"His eyes were a bright, lively blue," he said.

"He was small and white-headed and held himself very erect. But there was no stiffness about him.

## Waltzing chair

"One of his favorite little jokes was a rocking chair — it was a music-box, really, and when the unwary visitor relaxed on it, it played the 'Merry Widow Waltz'."

"But I believe, when he was working, he could be a martinet. Everything had to be exactly right. After working with a librettist till mid-

night, he would have no qualms about ringing the poor fellow at 3 a.m. to clarify a point."

Mr. Allum has a big collection of Lehariana and many record albums, most of them sent by Lehar's sister and brother, with whom he still corresponds.

On cold winter nights he tucks himself into bed, puts on the radiogram, and fills his heart with Viennese gaiety.

Most of the neighbors know of his passion for Lehar, and drop in from time to time with news items that might interest him, such as the information that the Sadler's Wells Company will stage "The Merry Widow" on their Australian tour.

The Italian family next door, however, do not share this neighborly enthusiasm.

"They," Mr. Allum says with infinite tolerance, "are only interested in Puccini."

THE next time you see a bunch of green bananas, don't pass it up. Buy it, take it home, and salt it, and you will have some very tasty fruit indeed.

That's a tip from former South African Mr. George Thompson, of Reynella, South Australia, who salts most of the fruit he eats, even peaches.

The best method with the bananas, he says, is to make the main stem into a salt-container.

To do this, cut a piece off the top to be used later as a cork. Then scoop out the centre of the stem as

# Have a (salted) banana!

far as you can go with a long, sharp knife.

Pack the hollow with coarse salt, replace the "cork," then hang the bunch in the dark for a few days to ripen.

As the bananas draw the sap (which ripens them) from the main stem, the salt is drawn into the fruit, giving it a flavor that's delicious though quite unlike the ordinary banana taste.

Mr. Thompson recommends salt for any citrus fruit or any acid fruit such

as nectarines, peaches, pineapple.

Any of these should be sprinkled with salt and left in the refrigerator overnight.

The pineapple is best, he says, if the centre is scooped out and crushed, then salted, replaced in pineapple "cup," and refrigerated.

Quinces should be pricked here and there with a fork and left overnight in a dish of salt water. They can then be eaten raw or stewed.

Mr. Thompson said fruit-

salting was a common practice in Durban, South Africa, where he grew up, but Australians were usually very suspicious about the whole idea.

Lately he recommended another one of his unusual sweets dishes to the local branch of the food-conscious Beefsteak and Burgundy Club. This was the much-scorned prickly pear.

"The prickly pear was served chilled with ice-cream and was voted a great treat," said Mr. Thompson.

"The trouble with prickly pears, of course, are the prickles. People who know they make good eating won't be bothered preparing them."

"Best way to get rid of the prickles is to put the pears in a bucket of water and scrub hard."

"The Italians, Turks, and Egyptians eat them a lot."

Mr. Thompson came to Australia 15 years ago with his Australian wife. They have four children, aged from two months to 15 years.

He has been in business in New South Wales and Victoria and about a year ago became licensee of the Reynella Hotel.

In that year he has become well known locally for his unusual food tips and recipes.

Several Reynella housewives have tried and approved his Short Cut Chutney.

To make it, you mix 1-3rd tumbler glass of apricot jam with two tablespoons of Worcestershire sauce and one tablespoon of tomato sauce, with salt and pepper to taste.

Especially nice, they say, with roasts or curry.

— Rita Dunstan



**FASHIONS IN  
THE SHOPS**

# DESIGNED FOR ROYAL

Mention next month's tour of Australia

by Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip

and most women immediately

think of clothes. Right in tune with the

glamor and the glitter of the Royal visit

are these elegant evening fashions in rich

and subtle colors. They are part

of a collection planned and made here with

Royal occasions in mind.

Pictures by staff photographer Adelle Hurley



**CLASSIC** look of a superbly simple white duchesse satin dress - collarbone - high in front, low and strapped at the back, under a slim brocade coat lined with matching white.

**REGAL** ballgown that's fit for a princess links an elegant white duchesse satin skirt and jet-encrusted top with a high cummerbund of softly folded gold satin.





# OCCASIONS



**YOUNG IN HEART**, and with casual charm, the duchesse satin cocktail suit (above) is slim-skirted. The no-collar jacket is lined with white to match its appliqued overblouse.

**APRICOT** brocade sheath dress (below) for chic surroundings plunges wide and deep at back. The matching jacket has a high Empire look with soft, wide shoulders.



**BALLROOM DAZZLERS** for an evening to remember. Blue duchesse satin (left) shaped with graceful ease and sparked with crystal-and-pearl encrustations. In sleek contrast is the pink slub satin skimmer dress (right) featuring touch-me-not linés and back interest that centres in a delicious fishtail inset. (These fashions in Estacel from Farmers, Sydney, Myer Emporium, Melbourne and Adelaide, Finney Isles, Brisbane, Brownell & Co., Hobart.)



# Escape from Berlin

● One of the great escape stories of Berlin's cold war is told in "The Tunnel," an N.B.C. documentary to be telecast from Channel 9 on Wednesday, January 16, at 8 p.m.

THE documentary was made in a secret service atmosphere of danger and suspense.

It tells the story of the planning and digging of a 450ft. tunnel from West Berlin under the infamous Wall into East Berlin by a group of engineering students so that they could rescue friends on the East side of the wall.

N.B.C. men in Berlin heard about the tunnel when it was only just started. It was three months from the time they started filming until the first refugees came through the tunnel.

In this time the work on the documentary or arrangements concerning it were never mentioned in letters, telephone conversations, or meetings in Berlin.

To avoid drawing attention to the work and detection, the producer, Reuben Frank, did his work by remote control, meeting executives and other key figures involved in the documentary in either London or Paris.

## "Like a coffin"

The tunnel was planned after the students managed to get a detailed plan of Berlin.

The entrance to it was inside a half-ruined factory on the West Berlin side in a street that runs alongside the wall for about half a mile.

The tunnel went down vertically about 15ft., then levelled off in a shaft 1yd. wide and 1yd. high, described as "not much roomier than a coffin."

The underground work was filmed for N.B.C. by a 26-year-old West German, Peter Dehmel, who volunteered to film it. He lay on his back just behind the shovel-man and filmed the digging by holding his camera on his shoulder and chest.

He in turn was followed by his brother, Klaus, light-man and assistant cameraman, who aimed his lights through the narrow space on either side of the camera.

The work was fraught with physical dangers and the wearing fear of discovery by East Berlin police. But the tunnel was finished in three months, equipped with electric light, a telephone line, ventilation and pumping systems.

Twice, breaks in Berlin's

water mains threatened disaster. The first flooding was cleared by frantic work with a hand-pump.

The second break was on the East Berlin side. Waiting for discovery hourly, the tunnellers successfully installed an electric pump, hastened their plans, and made the exit only one block in from the wall on the eastern side.

The refugees were warned and the big day of the escapes was put forward to September 15, 1962.

The first ones to make the journey were a young mother and child. Three days later the water mains burst and the tunnel became unusable, but in those three days another 57 refugees escaped, ranging in age from six months to 70.

"The Tunnel" has been given anthems of praise by critics wherever it has been shown.

Channel 9 executives who have seen it are excited by its quality, so excited that for one week they are putting aside the top-rated "Hollywood Movie Parade," so that "The Tunnel" can be telecast at the prime viewing time of 8 p.m.

If it is as good as it sounds, it should be TV of an exceptional kind.

## The dynamic Professor

PROFESSOR Julius Sumner Miller, world-famous physicist, is undoubtedly the man of the moment on TV.

I had heard reports of his dynamism from many viewers, but didn't meet him on TV till the premiere of his ABC-TV series "Why Is It So?" on Monday nights at 8 o'clock.

Now I can't wait to see and hear more from him.

Professor Miller reminded me of famous evangelist Billy Graham. He has the same burning zeal, the emotional approach to physics that Graham has to religion.

He expounded Newton's laws of motion and demonstrated them in unorthodox ways that would interest anyone from 12 years up. His voice shook with emotion as he exhorted Bob Sanders, who appeared as his assistant or subject, to "have faith in physics."

I sat entranced. One of the experiments called for



THE TUNNEL was built under this wall, 9ft. high and 4ft. thick, to avoid situations like this, when desperation drove two men to try to escape from East Berlin by climbing the wall. East Berlin police fired 25 shots at them, killing one. The other escaped under cover of tear-gas bombs thrown by West Berlin police.

one of three answers. I chose the same one as Sanders, and was abashed to hear the Professor say that answer was "absolutely violently mad."

If I was a student I'd prefer to be stung into action with such an answer than to be told calmly that my answer was wrong.

If you haven't met Professor Miller yet you should. He's a rewarding experience.

You have your chance every day this week, when the lectures he has given at the Sydney University's Summer School of Science are seen on Channel 9 from 7 a.m. to 8.30 a.m.

Telecasts at this hour, an experiment being tried by Channel 9 for the 1963 School, have been tremendously successful, but the channel has still been swamped by requests for repeats in the evening.

To keep everyone happy, from January 20 Channel 9 will repeat the lectures each Sunday at 10 p.m.

## Stan Holloway, butler

"OUR Man Higgins," a new 30-minute comedy series (Channel 7, Tuesdays at 7 p.m.), is a domestic comedy starring famous English comedian Stanley Holloway.

If the first episode is a good example, it is going to be just as good as Holloway can make it. He gets little help from an unimaginative script and silly situations.

Holloway is Higgins of the title, an English butler who arrives at the home of an American family called the MacRoberts, along with a large crate of magnificent silver the family has inherited from an English ancestor.

His unheralded arrival at the house as breakfast finishes and his reception should have been enough for one episode. In real life

it would be more than enough for a busy half-hour at 8.30 a.m. On TV it was less than five minutes.

In the TV half-hour, our man Higgins unpacked the silver it had taken two strong men to carry, whipped it on the breakfast table, unasked, cooked and served a three-course breakfast (and they'd had breakfast, anyway), mended the children's manners, using both violence and reason, won their hearts and the hearts of the parents who wanted to get rid of him.

The bonus for viewers in all this is Stanley Holloway, an undoubted master of his art.

In the first one, too, among all his frenzied activity, Holloway entertained viewers and one of the MacRobert sons with some choice bits from one of his most famous monologues, about Young Albert who was "et" by the Lion.

I'll watch Higgins in the hope of more such bonuses.

## New Film

### ★ ALL NIGHT LONG

A jazz party in a converted warehouse celebrates the first anniversary of the happily mixed marriage of negro pianist Rex and his white wife, Delia. One of the guests, drug-addicted drummer Patrick McGoochan, sets out to break up the marriage by allusions to the wife's infidelity and a faked tape-recorded conversation.

The story, better handled, could have been good. The jazz, though impressive (Dave Brubeck is one of the guests), is not strong enough to make the film worth seeing for the music alone.—Capitol, Sydney.

In a word . . . MISSES.

# SOCIAL

DELIGHTED cable went off to England last week from Mr. Alex Pym, of Lindfield, his daughter Melody, with news that she had got her Leaving Certificate—with 5 A's and a B.

Melody sat for the examination (by special arrangement) at London University barely a week after her arrival in England with her mother and schoolgirl sister Rosemary several months ago.

A recent very, very proud occasion for the trio was attending the graduation of Mr. and Mrs. Pym's elder son, Pilot-Officer John Pym, from the famous Cranwell R.A.F. College in Lincolnshire.

And in getting his "wings" John carried off one of the college's most coveted awards—the John Dickson trophy and the Michael Hill Memorial Prize Cup for Applied Flying.

The passing-out festivities at Cranwell included a fabulous Graduation Ball, at which Melody danced in a lovely blue gown she bought in Singapore, set off with an historic sapphire-and-diamond-studded star pendant necklace.

It originally belonged to her father's grandmother, the late Mrs. R. G. Alcorn, of West Maitland, who was a kinswoman of Governor Macquarie.

SCOTTISH baronet Sir George Harvie-Watt, who has been visiting Sydney with his wife and their daughter Rachael, uses the very desk which belonged to Empire builder Cecil Rhodes, when he works in the Johannesburg offices of his company. He's chairman of Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa and London, which was founded by Rhodes 75 years ago. Sir George's many distinctions range from being a member of the Queen's Bodyguard for Scotland, and private secretary to Sir Winston Churchill during the war years, to playing the bagpipes.

WITH their children, Charmaine and Roderick, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Minell are leaving town next week on holiday at Terrigal, where they have taken a beach house for a fortnight. On their return Mrs. Minell is going to face up to going-overseas-inoculations so that vaccination and injection "blues" will be a thing of the past when she and her husband leave for three months abroad in April.

ONE of the "main events" on Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Kantzow's programme when they come down from "Enfield," Mudgee, to holiday with Mrs. de Kantzow's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Clarence Everingham, at the end of the month will be the christening of their infant daughter, Christine Verity. She'll wear a hand-embroidered white voile gown worn by her mother and her Aunt Verity, Mrs. John Norman, at their baptisms. The lovely little dress was also flown to England and back last year for the christening of the Normans' baby daughter, Anna Jane Elizabeth. John and Verity Norman are at present living at Bickley, in Kent, while John is doing his F.R.C.S., F.D.S. degree at London University. Incidentally, during the recent big freeze in Britain the Normans had their milk meat, and bread supplies picturesquely delivered to their home by a horse-drawn sleigh!

WHEN winter comes I'm looking forward to seeing Rosemary O'Brien, of Vaucluse, stepping out in some of the eyecatching outfits she bought recently in Paris. They include several suits with middie-type jackets and slender skirts flaring slightly at the hemline. Rosemary, who spent ten months abroad, has also brought back a collection of abstract paintings by promising young Dutch artists. She is toying with the idea of setting them off with rough linen tweedy material-covered frames, now very much the vogue overseas.



JUST ENGAGED. Miss Frances Archer and Group Captain John Ashton, R.A.A.F. (ret.). Miss Archer is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Archer, of "Wanora Downs," Winton, Queensland. Group-Captain Ashton, who is the son of Mrs. A. E. Ashton, of Ross Bay, and his fiancée are planning to be married in April.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES



# ROUNDABOUT

By Mary Coles



ABOVE: Melbourne visitors (from left) Miss Margaret McKenzie, Miss Robyn Milner, and Miss Sandra Bedggood trying out the surf at Palm Beach. The trio have been staying at Avalon, where they had a house.



ABOVE: Mr. Bruce McWilliam, of Palm Beach, pours drinks for Melbourne visitor Miss Elizabeth Kurts and his sons Peter and Bruce (at right). Mr. and Mrs. McWilliam live in Pacific Road.



AT LEFT: Suntanning at Palm Beach (from left), Mr. Lindsay Etherden, Dr. and Mrs. John Doherty, and Miss Carolyn Dent relax on the sand.

ABOVE: Mrs. Harold Bishop, of Palm Beach, setting off for the beach with her children (from left), James, Edwina, and Sarah, for a swim.



AT LEFT: Recently engaged Miss Janet Butler, of Newport, and Mr. Bob Detheridge, of Roseville, chatting on the rocks at Palm Beach. They plan a June wedding.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Tony Martin, of Avalon, takes her children (from left), Tina, Ricki, and Colin, paddling at the water's edge at Palm Beach.







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# Worth Reporting

FOR over four years now, Mr. Egon Szaak, of West Heidelberg, Victoria, has been engaged on a labor of love — an illuminated text of the Gospel according to St. John in German, Hungarian, and English.

He claims he is the first person since the monks of medieval times to put so much time and labor into illustrating Holy Writ.

A bookbinder by trade and a factory worker periodically since he and his family arrived in Australia 12 years ago (it was a blow to discover how very few Australians required their books hand-bound in fine leather), Mr. Szaak has worked from 6 to 11 every night for the past four years on the text.

He decorates in colored Indian ink, manuscript-fashion, pages that have been treated to look like parchment.

The book measures 21in. by 15in., is bound in red calf, and the cover is adorned with a black indented cross and embossed gold illustrations.

Unlike the chaste manuscripts of the monks, the pages of Mr. Szaak's Gospel of St. John are violently colored, in the style of his native Hungary.

"There has always been a strong oriental influence in Hungarian art," he explains.

The same style is evident in the decoration of his liv-



EGON SZAAK with the Gospel according to St. John in Hungarian, German, and English, copied and decorated by hand.

ing-room. The walls are covered with scenes bordered with traditional Hungarian designs.

This is the fourth home Mr. Szaak has decorated in this fashion. "Though why I do, when I know we will move again some day soon, I don't know," he says. "The next people will probably paint them over."

If he can obtain the necessary financial encouragement he would like to finish his 400-page volume with the rest of the New Testament.

"This is what I want to do — I like it very much. I would be very happy, too, if I could exhibit somewhere what I have already done."

## Keeping in touch

ENGLISH migrant and former T.A.A. air-hostess Mrs. Rosemary Taylor, of East St. Kilda, Victoria, finds a tape-recorder a handy way to keep in touch with her relatives in Hull, England.

Once a month Rosemary and her family exchange tape-recordings.

Dark, vivacious Rosemary talks for 32 minutes into her tape-recorder, "saying whatever comes into my head that might interest them."

The tape weighs only three ounces and costs nine shillings to post, but the cost of the tapes is negligible, as they can be used over and over again.

Rosemary is looking forward to the time when her five-month-old daughter will be able to talk to her grandparents on tape.

\*\*\*\*\*

MR. LOVAT DICKSON, a director of the publishing house of Macmillan & Co. Ltd., writes from London to correct the figures we used in an interview with him in our November 21 issue.

"Macmillans do not consider 15,000 to 20,000 manuscripts a year, but 1500 to 2000," he says.

"We would have to have a building as big as the Pentagon and an enormous staff of editors to give consideration to as many manuscripts as 15,000 to 20,000."

Mr. Dickson also points out that Macmillans didn't pay Lord Tennyson a £70,000 advance for "In Memoriam," but in fact paid him a £4000 advance.

"As the pound then had many times its present value," says Mr. Dickson, "this was indeed a very substantial amount. But, as far as I know, £70,000 has never been paid for any book in the history of publishing."

\*\*\*\*\*

## Sharks raise funds

EVERYBODY loves a shark—a dead one, that is. So say the boys of the South Narrabeen Surf Club, N.S.W., who raised £260 through public exhibitions of two man-eating sharks they caught during the past year.

"It's a rare thing to see them on land," said Dick Gottschald, publicity officer of the surf club, "so they're quite an attraction."

The charge for shark-seeing in the surf club's boatshed was "a silver coin." More than 2000 beachgoers viewed the first catch — a 12ft. tiger shark.

The exhibition ran for only three days. The eight bottles of disinfectant the boys doused it in were of no avail, and the lucrative monster went bad.

The second shark catch, just before Christmas, was a quite different kettle of fish. A 14ft. 1200lb. bronze whaler, it was still alive when first exhibited and raised £60 in four days. The weather was bad and there weren't many beachgoers. But the boys made £2 extra by selling the carcass for pig food.

Their special set-up for shark-catching consists of a 12-gallon drum attached to a six-foot chain, attached to a baited hook, attached to a steel cable and anchor.

When the shark takes the bait—usually a lump of lamb donated by the local butcher—it's anchored and it drowns.

Thanks to the first shark and the industry of club members during weekends, the upstairs of the clubhouse has been completely revamped.

"Our main way of raising money is by house evenings," said Dick. "But shark-exhibiting is quicker."

## A STITCH IN TIME...

TOM PECK, 34, a supervisor at Melbourne City Baths, can outstitch most women any day. He is a Royal Show tapestry winner, and his Collingwood home is decorated with tapestries worth more than £1000.

He is so eager to encourage people to take up tapestry and revive this old art that he has formed the Needlework Tapestry Guild, which will have its first meeting next month.

Ten of the present 40 members are men—including

a tobacconist and bookseller.

Some members are beginners, and others experienced, but Mr. Peck hopes to teach them to become expert in the 65 stitches of tapestry.

Mr. Peck says many doctors recommend their patients to take up tapestry to calm nerves.

He learnt tapestry in hospital six years ago, and has graduated from a simple black and white cocker spaniel design to copying old-master paintings.

He is now working on a

famous French portrait of Louis XIV, which he hopes to complete for Melbourne's 1963 Royal Show. He stitches for three hours each night.

Each old-master painting takes him two years, and he estimates that when framed they're worth 250 guineas. But he won't sell any of his tapestries.

"I couldn't bear to part with my work," he says.

To complete his living-room he is making a tapestry carpet in a rose design. It will take him three years.

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**Q BUT IS STAINLESS STEEL RIGHT FOR "GOOD" CUTLERY. I MEAN I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF IT AS BEING FOR RESTAURANTS?**

**A** Stainless Steel is rapidly becoming the first choice of young moderns — and older moderns, too — throughout the world.

**Q IS STAINLESS JUST A NAME, OR IS IT TRULY STAINLESS?**

**A** It is truly stainless. It literally does improve with use — never needs polishing. A wipe with a soapy cloth brings it to gleaming newness every time.

**Q DOESN'T THE SURFACE PLATING WEAR OUT?**

**A** No! No! No! There is no surface plating. Stainless Steel is Stainless Steel through and through.

**Q BUT HOW CAN THAT BE?**

**A** Look at it this way. It isn't a perfect parallel, but it explains the principle. Supposing you make two cakes, one chocolate iced and the other chocolate flavoured. One has just a surface layer that's like plated metal. In the other, the chocolate is actually part of the cake. That's

like Stainless Steel. You see Comsteel, who make Australian Stainless Steel, mix nickel and chromium with steel in the furnace. It goes right through the steel and forms a new kind of metal called Stainless Steel.

**Q WHAT ABOUT WEIGHT. WOULDN'T STAINLESS STEEL SAUCEPANS BE VERY HEAVY?**

**A** They are heavier than some saucepans, lighter than others. But most cooks who use stainless steel cooking utensils prefer what they call the comfortable weight of stainless. They seem better balanced. They never fall over as some light metal saucepans do when the handle is out of balance with the bowl of the saucepan.

**Q ONE LAST QUESTION. STAINLESS STEEL IS MORE EXPENSIVE THAN OTHER METALS, ISN'T IT?**

**A** It is slightly more expensive than many metals — but not as expensive as copper and silver for example. But against this slightly higher price you have to balance years of extra life, enduring beauty — and much easier cleaning.

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# FATHER



"I'm out here, on the obstacle course."

# MOTHER



"Sorry we can't help you, Mum. But we have got to do some Good Deeds for our 'Lend a Hand' Club."

## It seems to me

SOMETIMES when I can't think what to write about in this column, which is quite often, I sit down at the typewriter and peck away at the keys like this, writing whatever comes into my head.

It is quite alarming to find how fast you can keep on typing and how many words you can put one after the other without actually saying anything at all, which is just what I have done in the above and which makes enough wordage to fill the first narrow bit at the top of the column and get us swimming out into the broader stream below.



Dorothy Drann

THE ready way in which words can be poured out to make a kind of sense (but not much) prompts me from time to time to make a resolution.

The resolution? To say nothing except what is absolutely necessary. This will lead to greater efficiency, or so I think when I've taken one of these vows.

The best way to accomplish this would be to have a tape-recorder under the desk, and a handbag model for social occasions.

Then you could listen to yourself in decent privacy, and note what could be eliminated in the way of embroidery, repetition, reminiscence ("That reminds me..."), prophecy ("I wouldn't be surprised if..."), and unwanted opinions.

On second thoughts it might be better not to go as far as the tape-recorder. The shock might be too great.

Anyhow, now and then I try this clipped "Yes" and "No" and "Indeed?" line. (Memo: Plain "Yes" and "No" are discouraging to other talkers, but "Indeed" or "Really" keep them going indefinitely.)

But, being naturally talkative, I find it all a great strain. The consequent nervous tension probably endangers the usefulness of the time saved. And I tend to go into brooding trances, meditating on what I could have said had I chosen, so that the net result is not worth while.

MOST of us are illogical, or so I thought as I winced at a descriptive phrase in a TV newsreel the other night.

The newsreel showed an experiment somewhere in England. Fish are kept in big tanks warmed to an even year-round temperature so that they grow faster.

"In such and such a time," said the commentator (the camera trained meanwhile on the graceful creatures swimming around), "a fish grows from a couple of inches long to plate size."

Plate size! I eat fish. I (sometimes) catch fish. So it is unreasonable to wince at the term. But I do.

A PARAGRAPH in the January 9 issue (about cotton-knotting) reminded Mr. A. Rodgers, of Canterbury, Vic., of a story which he read many years ago.

"It is an old favorite of mine," writes Mr. Rodgers, "and I trust that it will cause you to stop a moment and grin." It did. Here it is:

"John Nott could not knit, but he invented a machine which would knit and he called it the NOTT KNITTER. However, the Nott Knitter could not

knit knots, and Nott had to tie the knots which the Nott Knitter did not knit. One day, while not tying knots for the Nott Knitter, he constructed an attachment which he called the NOTT KNOTTER. When attached to the Nott Knitter the Nott Knotter knitted the knots that the Nott Knitter could not knit. And no knitter could knit knots like the Nott Knotter for the Nott Knitter.

"In the course of time Nott fell in love with a knitter who knitted knots on his Nott Knotter for the Nott Knitter and he asked her to cease knitting knots on the Nott Knotter for the Nott Knitter and become a 'NOTT' forever — but the knitter said 'NIT'."

WHEN fire crippled the liner Canbera in the Mediterranean it put into Malta, where arrangements were made to fly passengers to their destinations.

Shipboard romance? Consider this sad case:

Mary, the girl, aged 23, and Jim (Fictitious names, of course). Her pretty face

Was just the kind that would appeal to him.

They might have met next day. At any rate

Some time at games, or maybe at a dance,

Sea air and moonlight would have sealed their fate,

And friendship blossomed to a true romance.

They would have married (she in white) and had

Three children probably, or even four, Two girls, a boy (the image of his Dad).

But let's not fret about it any more. They never met. The answer is — so what?

They marry other people. Life goes on And whether they are better off or not

It's not much use to speculate upon.

## NEXT WEEK

## Five-in-one Lift-out Pattern



● Basic sleeveless suit (above) and variation with sleeves (left) for autumn.

● You can make five wonderful outfits from one life-size, lift-away pattern ready to cut out and sew.

This gay summer wardrobe — basic sleeveless suit, autumn variation with sleeves, midriff top and tunic for slacks, and beach shift — can be made for less than £10.

Also, in Teenagers' Weekly, there's the color-illustrated story of a five-piece wardrobe to make in hessian — for only £3.

## ● INDIA TRAVEL GUIDE

You will be fascinated (and tempted to travel) by a brilliant eight-page section, illustrated in color, called "India Today." It's by our Chief Sub-Editor and a staff photographer, who spent two weeks in exotic India as guests of the Indian Government.

## ● NEW HANDYMAN FEATURE

Learn how to make a narrow hall look larger; how to build shelves and a folding coffee table into an unused doorway.

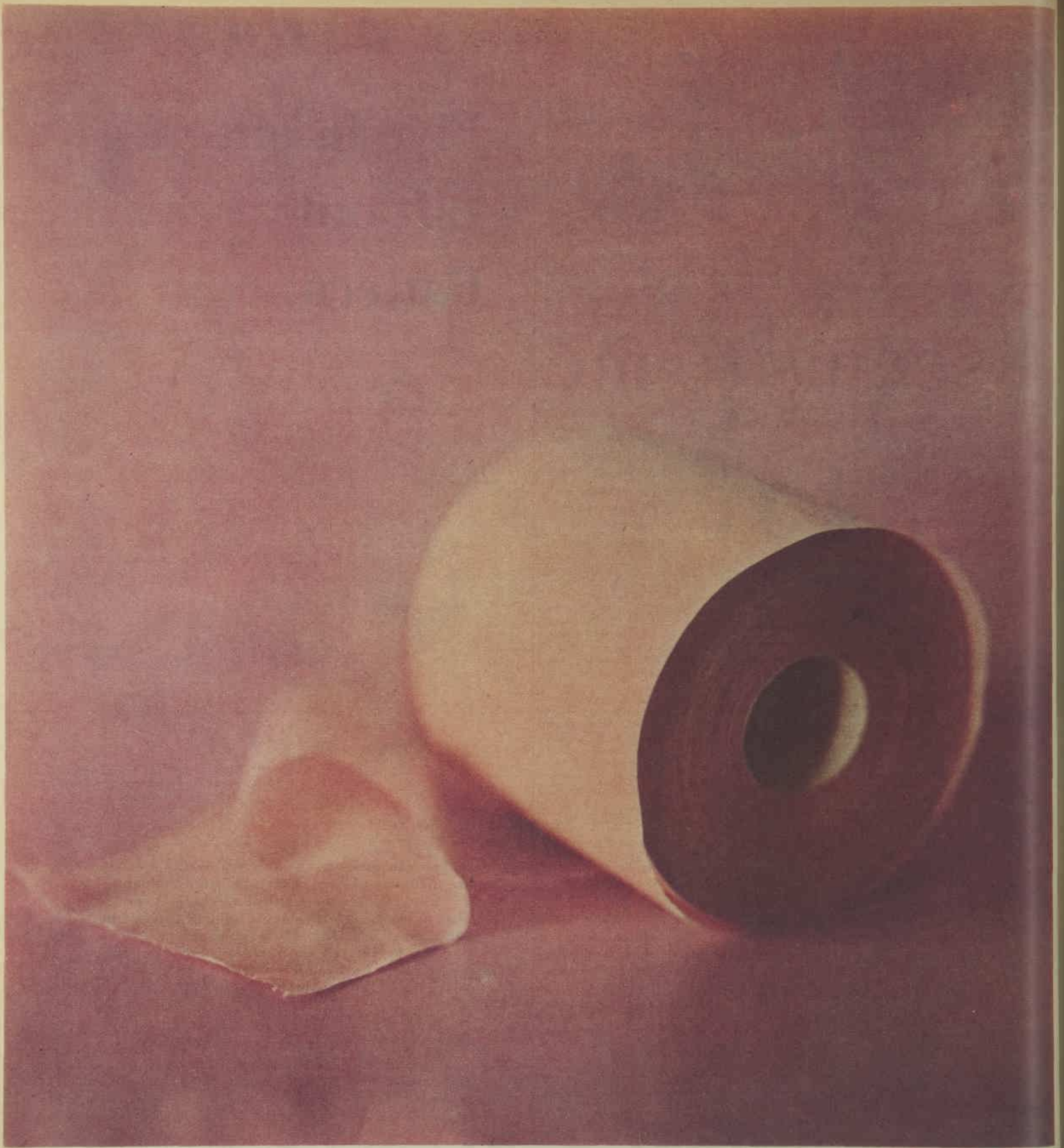
This practical advice will start a new weekly feature, Be Your Own Handyman, designed to help householders and housewives do all the odd jobs around the home.

## ● OFF-TO-SCHOOL ADVICE

This year 400,000 Australian children will start school. Many of their mothers will have their first experience of sending off their "babies."

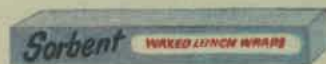
There's a two-page special feature in our next issue that gives helpful hints to mothers who, too, have first-day-at-school "jitters."





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# The Letter

The message from Alice rekindled romantic dreams of the distant past . . . a short story

By MARJORIE J. MOORE

AS the clock in the hotel lounge struck eight the lift gates clanged on an upper floor and the machinery began to hum.

"This'll be the General," said the hall porter. He picked up a folded newspaper and turned to the pigeon-holes; then he stood ready behind his desk, awaiting the descent of the lift. The gates opened and a solitary passenger got out. As the hall porter had said: it was the General.

"Good morning, Wilkins." He took the newspaper. "Thank you. Ah—no letters for me, I suppose?"

He started to make his way to the dining-room and then stopped as Wilkins held out a lavender-colored envelope.

"Yes, sir. There is a letter for you this morning."

"Eh?—Oh, really? For me?"

The old man seemed quite bewildered for a moment. He stood staring at the letter in the porter's hand. Then he recovered himself.

"Oh—thank you, Wilkins. Thanks very much."

He put it with his newspaper and continued on his way.

"Funny old buster, ain't 'e?" said the night porter, who was sitting in the back of the porter's box drinking a cup of tea before going off duty. "Must be a 'undred if 'e's a day."

"General Farringay is eighty-seven," said Wilkins with dignity. "I happen to have looked him up in 'Who's Who'."

"First time he's 'ad a letter since I bin 'ere," said the night porter, "an' that's close on six months. Every mornin' on the stroke of eight 'e says: 'No letters for me, I suppose?' He don't wait for an answer. Just totters off into the dinin'-room. Don't expect a letter, see? He was that startled when you 'anded him one this mornin' I thought he'd fall down." He blew reflectively on his tea and reiterated: "Funny old buster!"

"He is a gentleman," said Wilkins, "which there's not many these days."

"You're right!" agreed the night porter cheerfully. "Some o' them types we 'ad 'ere last summer—Cor!"

He pushed his teacup away and got up.

"Well, I'm off now. S'long, Bert. 'Appy day! See you tonight."

Sitting at his table in the dining-room General Farringay put on his spectacles and neatly slit the lavender-colored envelope with a knife. He drew out the sheet of thick, crisp writing paper and peered at the signature. "Alice Fortesque."

Alice Fortesque? The General frowned and turned to the beginning of the letter. And as he read it a delighted smile transfigured his furrowed old face.

It was from Alice! She was coming down tomorrow by car for a day on a—what was that?—oh, on a visit to a niece and she'd drop in on the chance of finding him at home. She'd got his address from—Lady who? oh, yes, Reggie Bloomfield's widow—and it would be so nice to see him again and—what's this—oh, talk over the old days . . .

The General did not at once return the letter to its envelope. He laid it aside and read it again over his porridge and for a third time with his bacon and eggs. Then, catching the amused eye of a young woman at the next table, he hastily opened

his newspaper and pretended to scan the headlines.

As soon as he had finished breakfast he got up and made his way to the writing-room. There, as was his custom on Monday morning, he made out a cheque for his weekly account, wrote "The Manageress" on a clean white envelope and took it to the office.

Miss Veysey got up and smiled as he came in. All the other residents paid their accounts to the book-keeper at the reception desk, which, of course, saved a great deal of everybody's time. But General Farringay was most punctilious in bringing his cheque to her personally.

She knew that this was owing partly to his natural courtesy and partly to his love for a gossip. And because he was a lonely man with no relatives left and all his friends long-since dead she made an effort every Monday morning to give him a little of her time.

Today her glance lingered on him as he entered the room. There was a flush on his sunken cheeks and his eyes looked brighter than usual.

"Sit down, General," she said. "You're looking very sprightly this morning!"

"I feel sprightly." He lowered himself shakily into an armchair. "Really, it's—quite exciting, Miss Veysey! I've had a letter from an old flame!"

He put his hand in his pocket and drew out the envelope.

"Look! Lavender writing paper, written in violet ink! It's quite romantic, don't you think?"

"I think it's very romantic," agreed Miss Veysey. "And is she coming to see you?"

"Yes, indeed she is! She's coming tomorrow. Just fancy! I shall see Alice again tomorrow!"

"Alice. What a pretty name!"

"Yes, isn't it? And oh, she's pretty, too! As pretty as a picture."

He smiled and his face crinkled into a thousand lines.

"I remember the last time I saw her. It was at a dance at Eastney Barracks and I asked her to marry me. We'd been friends for a long time and then suddenly that night I knew I was in love with her. Damn cheek, of course. I was only an impetuous subaltern in the Marines—but, still, I wasn't a bad-looking young feller, don't you know, and I thought I looked pretty good in my blue mess-kit."

"I was a Blue Marine, of course. That was long before we amalgamated with the Red Marines. Royal Marine Light Infantry, they were called. We were the Royal Marine Artillery. I was always against it—mixing up the two into one Corps. But they wouldn't listen to me and—where was I?"

"You were in the ballroom with Alice," said Miss Veysey gently.

"Ah, yes. Dear little Alice! Well, she turned me down, y'know. I went to sea soon afterwards and when I came back she was married to some civilian feller. I never saw her again."

He rested his chin on his thin, transparent-looking hand.

"I never forgot her. The first love is the best love, they say. I got married meself later on, of course. Poor Edith—she's been dead these twenty years—but it turned out very well."

He sat thinking. Edith had always said



Before putting on his spectacles old General Farringay gazed smilingly at the lavender-colored envelope.

laughingly that she'd caught him on the rebound. And it was true, of course. But, still, you couldn't say a thing like that to Miss Veysey. Not fair to poor Edith.

"I always remember Alice as I saw her that night. She had on a pretty blue dress—very full, y'know, the dresses were in those days. And she had a little blue bow peeping out from a ribbon in her hair. I've got a photograph of her somewhere. A snapshot somebody took of both of us at a garden party at Admiralty House. Eating strawberries and cream, we were—I'll go and look for it so that you can see for yourself how lovely she was."

Upstairs in his room he fumbled in the depths of an old trunk among faded photographs of his Service days, and at last he found the little yellow snapshot and took it to the window to examine it with a magnifying glass. He looked from the laughing girl to the tall young man at her side. Yes, a good-looking fellow, too. Had that really been himself?

He went to the looking-glass and stared at the reflection of his old, old face. No resemblance, he thought. No resemblance at all.

His elation vanished and a swift reaction followed. She'd never recognise him now. Worse—she might not even be able to conceal her dismay when, after more than sixty years, she came face to face with the old dotard who had been the dashing subaltern so long ago.

He stared out of the window at the dismal-looking sea-front and gloom began to settle on him. Better go for a brisk walk. Huh! A brisk walk! He'd fall down one day, he shouldn't wonder, and be brought home in an ambulance. That would be the ultimate humiliation.

He put on his overcoat and went out, but when he returned an hour later he was more depressed than ever. As he passed through the lounge on his way to the lift he saw Miss Truman sitting near the door of the dining-room waiting for the gong, so that she could be first into

lunch and be sure of the best chair by the fire afterwards for her nap. And that dreadful old Mrs. Dent, her red wig slightly askew as usual, already dozing over her library book.

A terrible thought struck him. Alice would be old, too! Three years younger than himself she'd be—let's see—she'd be getting on for eighty-five. She, too, would be utterly changed. That lovely face ravaged by time. A very old woman.

Fear for tomorrow's meeting clutched at his heart, stabbing it with pain, and the letter suddenly became an instrument of malign fate.

After lunch he went up to his room and lay down on the bed. He slept, but his rest was disturbed by terrifying dreams of gargoyles under read wigs grimacing at him. He did not go down to tea, but before dinner he knocked once again at Miss Veysey's door.

She looked up from her writing-desk and then jumped to her feet and helped him to a chair.

"My dear General! What has happened?"

"I can't see her! I can't see her!" he muttered.

"You can't see—whom?" asked Miss Veysey, uncomprehending.

"I can't see Alice tomorrow. You know—the girl who's—who's coming to see me."

Miss Veysey took his frail hand. "But you were so looking forward to it. It will be lovely for you both to meet again."

He shook his head in distress.

"No! No! Don't you see? I'm not the young fellow she thought about when she wrote that letter. Look at me! I'm an old wreck. A—gargoyle!"

"And Alice," he went on as she tried to interrupt. "Alice is an old woman of eighty-five. Bent, withered—oh, dear! Feeble-minded, perhaps. How could I bear to see the change in her?"

To page 38



# Inspired by our romantic TROPICAL

## Golden Circle

# SUNDAES



here are 8 ideas for the dessert that offers most scope for your own originality and artistic ability. No two Sundaes are ever the same — because no true artist ever quite repeats herself. Each one you create is

an 'original' — and an enticingly gay and colourful way to serve vitamin-rich tropical pineapple. Whatever you do, good sundaes start with pineapple and ice cream!



Island Romance

View from Lindeman Island, Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland



Day Dreamer

View from Daydream Island, Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland



Sun Worshipper

Buchan's Point, Cook Highway, North Queensland



Smuggler's Surprise

Main Beach at South Molle Island, Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland

**1** Fill sundae dish close to rim with crushed pineapple. Place scoop vanilla ice cream in centre, surround with broken rainbow cake. Dust scoop with crushed nuts and decorate with palm tree of angelica strips on toothpick. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, 1 tray ice cream, 1 tray ice cream, garnishings.

**2** Fill parfait glass with alternate layers: crushed pineapple, chopped marshmallows mixed with red jelly, and chocolate ice cream — finishing with jelly and pineapple. Top with swirl of cream and a cherry. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, 1 tray ice cream flavoured chocolate, one 1 pint red jelly. Garnishings.

**3** Place 2 small scoops lime ice cream either side large scoop vanilla on crushed pineapple. Surround scoops with red and green jelly, decorate with pineapple pieces and button meringues. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, 2 trays ice cream — 1 vanilla, 1 lime, 2 one-pint jellies — 1 red, 1 green. Button meringues: 2 egg whites and half cup sugar make approx. 24. Garnishings.

**4** Place scoop vanilla ice cream on pineapple pieces. Surround with red jelly. Dust ice cream with finely-chopped nuts then quickly press pieces of pineapple on ice cream to make pineapple 'skin'. Make red with angelica strips. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE PINEAPPLE PIECES (cut half thickness for pineapple 'skin'), one tray ice cream, one 1 pint red jelly. Garnishings.



# ISLANDS!



## Moon Time

A view of Brampton Island,  
Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland



## Whispering Shells

View from Lindeman Island,  
Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland



## Sea Jewels

A view of Royal Scaforth Island from Lindeman Island,  
Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland

**5** In parfait glass place alternate layers crushed pineapple, orange jelly and vanilla ice cream. Top with ice cream 'crowned' with pineapple pieces, place cherry in centre and lace sides with angelica strips. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, 2 trays ice cream—vanilla, one 1 pint orange jelly. Garnishings.

**6** Surround scoop of chocolate ice cream with mixture of chopped marshmallows, pineapple pieces, chopped orange jelly. Top with scoop orange ice cream. Place 'fan' of wafer, top with swirl of cream, cherries, dusting of chipped toffee. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE PINEAPPLE PIECES, two trays ice cream (one flavoured orange, one chocolate), one 1 pint orange jelly.

## Little Islander

View on Green Island,  
Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland

**7** Spoon crushed pineapple into a shallow dish. Place large scoop strawberry ice cream in centre, surround with button meringue 'shells', dust over with green shredded coconut and place 'seagull' juke on top. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, 1 tray ice cream flavoured strawberry. Meringues: 2 egg whites, half cup sugar make approx. 24. Garnishings.

**8** On mixture of broken macaroon and crushed pineapple place scoop of strawberry ice cream with currant eyes and cherry mouth. Make hat from chocolate biscuit with button meringue or cream swirl crown. Decorate shoulders with fudge buttons. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, six macarons, one tray ice cream flavoured strawberry, one 1 pint red jelly. Garnishings.



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# A THOUSAND PIECE PUZZLE



*His scheme for getting to know Susan couldn't have been more ingenious . . . a short short story*

**By LESLEY CONGER**

**T**HERE are lots of ways to meet a girl. She drops something, you pick it up. She smiles, you speak. She turns up at some party or other, and you are properly introduced: "Miss Penfield, this is Jeff Packard. He's new in town. Jeff, this is Susan Penfield . . ."

Simple. But that's supposing the girl wants to be met. Supposing she doesn't?

The town was full of pretty girls, Jeff found out. But he had seen Susan Penfield and he couldn't see anybody else.

He'd seen her walking with her big collie down a street at twilight, and in the early morning out weeding a flower-bed when the grass was still wet. You'd think a brash young man like Jeff wouldn't hesitate. "Beautiful dog," he might say, or, "How are your snapdragons coming along?" Instead, he would break into a sweat of misery and hurry past.

She came into Hopper's drugstore; Jeff was sitting there with a lemonade.

"Just my father's usual prescription," she said to Mr. Hopper, handing him a bottle.

Jeff twisted on his stool and watched her in the mirror. He never knew he liked blue dresses so much, or dark hair held down with a white velvet ribbon. Just the sight of her reflection in the glass turned the lemonade in his stomach to gin.

"Introduce me!" Jeff croaked in a whisper, catching Mr. Hopper by the sleeve as he went by.

"No, sir, I regret there's not a smear of chocolate left in the freezer," Mr. Hopper answered him in a loud and ferocious voice.

"Why not?" Jeff asked petulantly after the door had tinkled shut behind her.

Mr. Hopper shook his mane of white hair. "Miss Penfield doesn't wish to be introduced," he explained. "She's kind of a recluse—at nineteen, mind you." He wiped off the soda counter and sighed. "Now, if you happened to be a jigsaw puzzle—but you're only 'homo sapiens.' You haven't got a thing she wants. Go procure yourself some fresh air, son; I got work to do. You can't live in this drugstore."

"It's the only place in the whole town where I can see her close up," Jeff said.

"Son," Mr. Hopper said, shaking his head, "you got it bad. And you sure picked the wrong girl . . ."

Jeff passed her as she watered the lawn in the summer evening. Been admiring your dahlias, he rehearsed under his breath as he approached, but she had her eyes turned off or something, and he rushed past as if he had a big date to keep.

"Lemonade?" Mr. Hopper asked cheerfully as he came in.

Jeff sat on the stool in utter gloom. "Can you make it without the gin?" he asked.

"The gin isn't here," Mr. Hopper said, "but she'll be along. I've got a phone call to make." He leaned against the wall and talked into the telephone with his eyes shut.

"Two-oh-six-em," he said. "Mm. Miss Penfield? This is Mr. Hopper, Miss Penfield. I just got a new shipment in today, and I thought you might like to know there's a dandy big thousand-piecer in it. A real instrument of torture . . . Fine, fine. Goodbye."

"What's a thousand-piecer?" Jeff demanded. "Who's she torturing—besides me, I mean?"

"Herself," said Mr. Hopper, slicing a lemon in two. "She is a puzzle bug. Now, if I could take this knife and get you into the proper shape to fit into a box . . ." He laid the knife aside with a regretful air.

"Puzzles," Jeff said. "You mean pretty pictures all hacked up into those little dibby-dabby pieces?"

"Loves 'em," Mr. Hopper answered.

"Put me some extra sugar in this lemonade," Jeff said. "I've got heavy cogitating to do."

"Futile and vain," Mr. Hopper commented. He mopped the counter and sold a quart of vanilla ice-cream, two comic books, and a packet of double-edged razor blades. The doorbell tinkled intermittently.

"Evening, Miss Penfield. I put it under the counter for you."

Jeff felt the lemonade trickling through his veins in lieu of blood. She had on a little white coat and a pensive look. And I haven't completed my cogitations yet, he thought wildly. You're too early.

"Mountains," she said. "It looks good, Mr. Hopper. I'll have a look at the magazines while you wrap-it for me."

Mr. Hopper tore a large sheet from his roll of white paper and spread it out. Then the bell tinkled again, and a small girl raced in, waving a prescription slip.

"Can you make it in a hurry, Mr. Hop?" she begged. "Dr. Starly said you could, please."

Jeff felt his heart begin to pump blood again. "I'll wrap that, Mr. Hopper," he said. "You fix up the medicine." He put the box in the middle of the wrapping-paper. She'd have to say something to him, wouldn't she? But he looked at her as she thumbed a copy of a news magazine and knew at once what it would be—an impersonal "thank you," strictly from the polar regions.

No, sir, he thought to himself, I'd even rather have her mad at me, and he opened the lid of the box and looked in. Unh! He stirred it with his hand gingerly, then thoughtfully. And when he went back to his lemonade, leaving the box wrapped on the counter, he was humming a little tuneless noise.

Mr. Hopper gave the little girl her prescription, and turned back to Susan Penfield. "With the magazine, Miss Penfield, that'll be one dollar ten cents. Thank you. Hope you enjoy it."

Jeff watched her go out the door. "I think I'll have a banana split," he said. "Do you suppose she ever reads the classified ads?"

"In a town this size, son, everybody does. You sound different. You feeling all right?"

"How does this sound to you?" Jeff asked. "'S.P.: I have what's missing. Ask at Hopper's.'"

And he reached into his pocket and sprinkled on the counter a handful of bits of mountain scenery.

Mr. Hopper put an extra scoop of ice-cream into the dish. "Young man," he said, grinning from ear to ear, "you are a dishonest and ingenious scoundrel. You may consider that a compliment."

There are lots of ways to meet a girl. But you have to have something she wants.

(Copyright)



Escaping from an unhappy past and wishing to be left alone,

Sara Martin finds herself swept into the gay shipboard life . . . first instalment of a romantic two-part serial.

# THE VOYAGERS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

By Margaret Culkin Banning

THE cruise ship Capricorn was sailing toward the Golden Gate and the Pacific Ocean and already it had become a world of its own. Captain Leonard Loft, still on the bridge, knew that he controlled that world. The safety of three hundred and fifty passengers and almost as many crew members was dependent on him, and his alert formality and slight aloofness accepted the final responsibility. There was no reason for apprehension, but even less for carelessness, and his orders carried such overtones.

Deckhands were sweeping up a colored litter of confetti which had been thrown from the dock during the gay departure of the ship. The bar had been opened. A map of the cruise route was attached to the wall opposite the main elevators, showing that its first stop, eight days from now, would be at the island of Tahiti. Some of the passengers were studying the map, others explored the public rooms, warily sizing up the people who would be their companions on this voyage and making secret, social appraisals.

At opposite ends of the almost deserted top deck two men were standing, looking back at the receding shore. Each of them knew that he would never be able to return to a place and position which he had left unwillingly. There was grave acceptance of that in Hugh Lawrence's steady eyes, bitter resentment in the frowning glance of the other man. Absorbed in personal destiny, neither man saw the young woman who came up the stairs from the lower deck.

She stood at the top irresolutely for a moment, seeming to measure her chances of solitude. Then as Eve Drake, with her big wolfhound on a leash, came along on her way to the kennels, the other girl disappeared below, as if she did not want to be noticed.

But Eve Drake, of course, expected to attract attention. That was her life and her living. There were thousands of pictures of her outside cinemas all over the world. She was a dramatic beauty, but as she passed the two men at the ends of the deck they did not seem to feel the famous allure or to hear the low growl of the great dog. They did not even look around.

In the foyer outside the dining-room the chief steward was sitting behind a desk which had been set up there temporarily. He was a man of power as he gave table assignments to the passengers waiting in line. His black polished hair and aquiline face looked rather French. He was well aware of it and had acquired a manner of sophistication and even a slight accent to suit that imaginary ancestry.

But his name was plain Sam Wilson and he had begun his career in the galley of a Great Lakes freighter. Ten years of luxury cruises had made him an excellent judge of character. He had heard and seen every bluff and bombast and pretence so often that it was almost impossible to fool him.

At the moment, a lady heavily weighted with purple orchids was explaining to him that, although it did not matter in the least to her, she usually sat at the captain's table when she took an ocean voyage. With his disbelief masked in perfect courtesy, Mr. Wilson regretted that the tables of all the officers were filled, and he put her at table 37 with some other passengers who were going to be hard to satisfy and might enjoy exchanging their discontents.

Mr. Wilson could not be stampeded. He took this job very seriously. It would be a long cruise and the seating of people in the dining-room often made the difference between a happy journey and a miserable one. He knew that he could not please everyone, but he tried to cover the ground as far as possible and also to take care of the passengers who in one way or another were important to the Delman Line.

Big shippers and financiers must be recognised and well placed, and there was always a celebrity or two on board who rated the captain's table. This time it was Eve Drake, who was going out to Australia to make a motion picture there. Mr. Wilson had reserved a place for her beside Captain Loft himself.

Mr. Wells Crandall and his wife were also on board, but the secretary of the flour magnate had informed the chief steward by letter that the Crandalls would prefer a table for two. So they had been given the most conspicuous small banquet in the dining-room. As it was now,

To page 38

Having dodged the other passengers,  
Sara and Tom found themselves  
together on the wharf.





# Success story: THE CAT WHO KEEPS

away from home, but even when she slept there she seemed almost non-existent, since she always followed the same evening ritual: she ate a potful of boiled spinach, washed her hair, and went to bed early.

But Bonnie was transferred. Mabel came.

Mabel was a hairdresser in a posh beauty salon, but had a mind like a loan shark.

Several nights a week she staggered home from work under armloads of expensive clothes she had wheedled out of the rich women to whom she gave hairdos.

"I just tell them I'm collecting clothes for the needy—and who's lying?" she would explain.

Then she'd get on the phone and sell her loot to friends at a tidy profit.

In time Mabel went, too. Others came—and went. Loiselle's jobs and boy-friends came—and went.

But two things were permanent.

## Chocolates!

One was Loiselle's abiding love for Nicodemus. The other, the superb cat menu she supplied for him.

Regardless of her finances, Nicodemus always ate like a king. Even when she cut her own eating down to live on the cheapest fare, heating up a tin of spaghetti for her main meal, he continued to dine grandly on raw steer liver, or raw kidneys, or raw shrimp.

Once, in a lean time, she lived for a week off boxes of chocolates sent by an ad-

mirer who worked in a sweets shop.

Naturally, with all her changing jobs and changing room-mates in the world's busiest city, Loiselle met numerous men—fat, thin, old, young, sleek, or with hair that could have been arranged with an egg-beater, happy, gloomy, listless, dynamic, rich, poor.

But none could rival Nicky in her affections. They were merely part of the passing show of her life.

One, however, was on a more or less semi-permanent basis of friendship.

This was Hogarth Barrington (that's not his real name), and Loiselle had known him from away back in the Deep South, where she was brought up—"a left-over from my better days," she once called him.

Hogarth had a Southern accent as thick as her own, a crop of black hair over a perpetually sunburned face, and was an engineer.

There were many times when Loiselle thought she'd probably end up marrying Hogarth.

He'd turn up every now and then, as his work allowed. He'd be just back from road-building in India, bridge construction in the Argentine, etc., and wherever he came from, he'd bring presents for Nicky as well as Loiselle.

Yet it was Hogarth who unwittingly triggered off the events that changed Loiselle's and Nicky's lives completely, just three years after the two had begun sharing the same pillow.

Continued from page 5

As usual, Hogarth was back from a trip, and as usual he'd phoned to say so, and as usual Loiselle had gone out to get some flowers to brighten up her current apartment before he arrived.

## Shenanigans

While she was out she suddenly remembered it was the third anniversary of her life with Nicodemus. On impulse, she strode into a shop and bought a gift to mark the occasion—an elegant beaded blue velvet collar and matching leash.

Once home she hugged Nicodemus, dressed him in his new finery, and the minute Hogarth rang the doorbell she swept open the door so that Nicky could put on a fashion show.

But, this time home, Hogarth seemed to have something on his mind other than cat collars and leashes.

He tapped his foot impatiently throughout the brief wall-to-wall parade on which Loiselle led Nicodemus.

Then he tossed two parcelled gifts he had been carrying across the room and said sharply:

"I have something to say to you after my long travels, provided you can get your mind off that cat for a few seconds."

That was his opening speech. His very tone of voice sent Nicodemus scuttling under the sofa. Loiselle's

angry reply made Nicky stay there.

In no time at all the two Southerners were plunged into a terrible row. The theme: whom did she love most, him or the cat.

Hogarth shouted that Loiselle was wrapped up in the cat to the point of absurdity. Loiselle screamed that she wanted to be wrapped up no other way. Hogarth trumpeted that Loiselle's love for the cat was beyond comprehension, she riposted, and so it went on.

Hogarth: "Just the same, I'd like to fill you in on my original intentions tonight—"

Loiselle: "Original! Ha! No doubt they're the same intentions as every other wolf in New York—"

Hogarth: "—which were to ask you to marry me and leave next week for two years in Europe—"

Loiselle: "But would Nicky like Europe?"

Hogarth: "That is just the point. There would be no Nicky in Europe. The time has come for you to choose—me or the cat."

## Love-forsaken

The briefest of pauses followed. Then Loiselle told Hogarth that if she had to choose, of course she chose the cat.

The sound of the front door slamming behind Hogarth was like a clap of thunder.

That night Loiselle didn't sleep very much. She cried instead. She kept crying and thinking about the mess her whole life was in.

She compared herself with Nicodemus—"A couple of strays," Hogarth had called them—and so they were basically.

She compared her own nature with Nicky's. Somehow he was always avoiding people. She, on the other hand, was always seeking new people, new jobs, new places to live in.

Yet deep down their reasons were much the same. They were both rather scared of life...

## In the bag

That night Loiselle made up her mind to look for a steady job, and to take Nicky out more and get him more used to the world.

So she started taking Nicky off with her in her tote-bag while she went to look for work.

She didn't get her steady job, but the temporary ones continued, and Nicky slept in her desk drawer while she worked, until some outraged office manager discovered she was not alone in her work. Then there would be fireworks, and at the end of her appointed time the temporary worker would be looking for a job once more.

But Nicodemus did get used to offices and phones, typewriter noises, people. He was quiet and well behaved, too, and much more self-assured.

It all stood him in good stead later.

It was not until one day in April, 1958, when he was four years old and had been "seeing the world" for six

months that he finally began to take an active part in it.

That particular morning Loiselle had carried him in her tote-bag to the executive offices of Revlon beauty products.

The firm was looking for some additional help in their public-relations department, and Nicky remained quiet and good in the bag while she interviewed the personnel officer.

Then, unaccountably, he developed his first spurt of enterprise in dealing with strange humans.

Without any coaxing he suddenly poked his head out of the bag, and after staring with unaccustomed confidence at the nearby receptionist he gave her a long, meaningful wink.

The young woman burst out laughing. In a matter of minutes she and the personnel director had broken up a sales meeting and were introducing its members to Nicodemus.

## Green eyes

Inch by inch, but no longer shy and self-effacing, the beautiful, platinum-white Nicodemus emerged from his bag to face an enthusiastic audience.

And every voice praised his beauty, the very thing Loiselle had come to take simply for granted.

She was so used to his wonderful platinum-tipped white fur, his lean and graceful body, his great black-rimmed green eyes, that she had never even thought of him as one of the hand-

IN ALL HIS GLORY: Nicodemus is pictured wearing his sequin-trimmed "at home" pyjamas. He is surrounded by luxury leashes trimmed with mink, velvet, and beads. Nicky is a born glamor-puss. The air of stormy contempt with which he dons his finery would do credit to a girl model.



# SHIS OWNER

most cats in the United States.

But he was. Almost immediately one of the Revlon executives was saying, "We'll use him as a model in our advertisement for our newest nail-polish."

Then, assuming Nicodemus was a hard-working model-cat (instead of a lifetime loafer), another executive demanded of Loiselle, "What's his professional fee?"

Dazed, Loiselle blurted out the first sum that came into her mind: "Fifteen dollars an hour."

The deal was clinched there and then.

And thus it was that, although none of these events had been planned by Loiselle, she and Nicky started new lives.

He began his modelling career and she began to be his "manager."

"And I'd just like to tell that Hogarth," Loiselle told Nicky that night, "that he can call us heps from now on—we're not strays any more."

The next day in a photographer's studio Nicky earned his first money posing for the Revlon nail-polish ad—30 dollars for a two-hour sitting.

It was pleasant work. He sat on a table beside the beautiful mannequin Dovina, known as "the cat-eyed model."

On his noble head he wore a tiny diamond tiara, and even in this first job he held his head proudly so that the tiara never slipped askew.

More jobs for Revlon followed.

One was to pose on TV draped like a fur-piece around pretty Barbara Britton's neck while she demonstrated eye make-up. He did the job perfectly.

As the weeks went by, and as Loiselle's know-how as a cat manager grew, Nicodemus worked for many other advertisers.

## Diamonds

His fee rose to 50 dollars an hour, and he began to be identified with all that was elegant and luxurious in the fashion world.

He posed to show off a wonderful silver-blue mink coat from Maximilian's (you could hardly tell where mink stopped and cat began), and with ropes of Tiffany's diamonds and emeralds around his handsome neck.

He posed with the sleekest models in magnificent gowns for pictures for glossy magazines like "Vogue," "Harper's Bazaar," "The Diplomat."

But he also worked for lively news magazines like "Look" and "Life," both for advertisements and for "fun pictures."

He helped sell business enterprises (in an ad. for a bank he was seen scrutinising a cheque being written by a pretty girl), roofing companies (he was prowling over a glorious rooftop), and carpet manufacturers (he sat on the lap of a lovely woman who sat on the carpet).

Once, in a chic marble bathroom studded with thick

monogrammed towels, he even modelled a shower—the idea for the picture being that, in the summer heat, here at last was a "cool cat."

And Nicodemus, once so shy, became a confident cat—even a rather sophisticated one.

In the beginning he often had to be coaxed into "action" poses—for instance, a photographer once dangled a ball on a string over his head to show him "dancing" on his hind legs with his long pink tongue thrust out of his mouth.

But quite soon, just like any other crack professional, he became adept at creating his own poses.

In one picture he was supposed (in a very elegant way of course) to hang down the bare back of a beautiful mannequin, and he simply got on her shoulder and gently let himself down her back, head first, helping out by not even scratching.

## Own home

Loiselle admits she had trimmed his nails back a little for the job.

There was no doubt that Nicky took to his career like the proverbial duck to water. All Loiselle had to say to him was, "Want to model today?" and he'd be on his feet, ready to go.

And as he gained in confidence, she for her part gained in steadiness. Her life began to take on a pattern. One by one the "temporary" things went.

A year after Nicky's career started she took the big step of moving into what was to be a home of her own—a big room in the Hotel Warrington on Madison Avenue.

For the first time she had no room-mate other than Nicky and they settled in permanently.

The pair had their enemies, of course—success produces enemies.

There were people who said of Loiselle, "She's using that cat to make money. How horrible!" and those who said of Nicky, "That cat is beginning to be pure unadulterated ham!"

Now there's no denying Nicky was acquiring some hammy qualities, or that Loiselle wasn't partly responsible.

For instance, she bought him modelling equipment equalling that of any girl model.

He reported for work with his own make-up box. Inside, neatly packed, were all his make-up needs—his jar of whisker wax, his pale blue fur brush, his vitamins, and extra collars and leashes.

He also took along his lunch of liver and, occasionally, a bottle of Feline Fatale perfume.

But he didn't exclusively pursue the almighty dollar.

As his fame grew he was called on to take part in civic or charity "do's," and once he was one of the glamor guests on the reviewing stand at the world-famed Fifth Avenue Easter Parade.

The old tote-bag had long since given way to a handsome carrier made of black

patent leather with "Nicodemus" spelled out in big gold letters on one side.

By 1961 pictures of him had appeared in all New York City's newspapers except one (the "World-Telegram") and stories were written either about his achievements or his adventures.

Once a ghastly thing happened.

At a party given by Loiselle a pipe-smoking young man, quite ill-mannered and unable to resist the temptation, used his pipe to burn off the eight long whiskers on one side of Nicky's face.

Loiselle, who was welcoming guests at the door, turned just too late to stop the disaster.

Furious, she ordered the whisker-burner out of the house.

## Fake whiskers

Poor Loiselle. She quickly realised the loss was a serious one. Not only was Nicodemus' sense of balance upset without the use of the 7in-long whiskers, but his spirit was depressed.

"He's developing a neurosis," Loiselle explained to clients next day, sadly cancelling immediate modelling commitments.

But the demand for his

**TOUCH OF MAKE-UP for the beautiful Nicodemus, modelling here for Charles of the Ritz beauty salon, Park Avenue, New York.**

work was so great that (with Nicky's whiskers still missing) Loiselle became desperate.

Finally she took the cat to the well-known wig-maker, Doris Fleischer, hoping against hope that Doris might be able to dredge up some solution.

And how right she was. Doris knew just what to do.

With the help of wax and a starch dip she glued eight white horsehairs to the "empty" side of Nicky's face, making a truly realistic job of it.

The false whiskers stayed on long enough for Nicky to pose confidently for two commercial ads and endless news pictures, for United Press International carried the story of his fake cat whiskers to thousands of newspapers throughout the country.

But mostly it was Nicky's achievements that got him into the papers.

For he now pays tax on about 5000 dollars a year "income from earnings," and after only two years' work was declared "Career Cat of the Year" (1960). Even the financial page of the emi-

Loiselle is now busy planning Nicky's future.

"But the only problem right now is that I don't want to be away from New York when Hogarth gets back from Europe," she said recently.

"He and I have started writing again lately."

"Who knows but that we'll finally get married, after all?"

That is, if he doesn't mind a marriage that begins in a triangle?

(Condensed from "Career Cat" by Eleanor Harris, published by Doubleday and Co., Inc., New York.)

## Happy ending?

And apart from his black patent carrier, he has a new beautiful one designed in the shape of a castle, with turrets at each end, a glittering handle between them, and the whole decorated with fake jewels.

As to his food: he still has liver and kidneys daily, but he has also taken to such delights as uncooked asparagus and English walnuts—with an occasional sip of vodka to end a meal.

When it comes to fish he'll touch nothing but shrimp and caviare.

**EYE MAKE-UP helps a girl's beauty, but Nicky's eyes need none. (One of many Revlon pictures.)**







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*Saxton*

**\*all the  
answers aren't  
in books**

**A short story  
By WINIFRED WOLFE**

*Juliet may not have been much of a scholar, but was smart enough to know brains are not everything.*

A GIRL should learn something on her honeymoon, and I'm not saying I didn't; but what I learned had nothing to do with anthropology, astronomy, nuclear physics, or Einstein's Theory. On the last night of it, at approximately three o'clock in the morning, I woke my husband to tell him so. I must say he was good-natured about it; but, then, he didn't know exactly why I was nudging him. "Hello, darling," he said with a yawn in my direction. "Is it morning?"

"Yes," I said, "in a manner of speaking."

"Eight o'clock so fast?"

"Yes. Give or take a few hours."

He reached across me for the little travelling clock on the motel night table. The moon was so full and bright that he didn't have much trouble reading the time. "You mean give or take five hours. What's the matter?"

"I had a nightmare," I told him. "That's what woke me."

He pulled me close to him. "Want to tell me about it?"

"It was a nightmare about tomorrow. That's today now, I guess. I dreamed we were in Boston and I was meeting your family. I couldn't see them clearly, but I knew who they were. They were all speaking Latin — even your little brother. I didn't understand a word."

He howled at that, and our neighbor in the next unit threw something at the wall.

"Don't laugh at me," I begged. "It was awful. I realised in my dream that we didn't have a

To page 48



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## LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Separate holidays

A MARRIED couple I know cannot decide where to spend their annual holiday. The wife's idea of bliss is a city holiday where she can indulge her passion for theatregoing. Her husband prefers a quiet fishing resort. I suggested they take separate holidays, but they wouldn't hear of this. I think separate vacations are a good thing—even for happily married couples.

£1/1/- to "J.J." (name supplied), Camp Hill, Brisbane.

### Confusion of colors

HOW does one choose a garment from a mail-order catalogue when the colors have such names as "Mazurka," "Nougat," and "Lady"? Each brand of clothing has its own collection of delectable shades, which have to be seen to be appreciated. If there are not enough plain colors in the rainbow, perhaps we could have a uniform set of names which would help us to know what we are buying.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Thomas, Burwood, Vic.

### Snoring (his) is her problem

HAS any other reader solved my greatest marital problem—a SNORING bedmate. Whether he sleeps on his right side, his left side, or his back, the great reverberating snores are just the same. My own sleep is reduced to pushing and pulling him in order to get a few minutes' silent respite. There must be an answer to the dilemma.

£1/1/- to "Frantic Female" (name supplied), Hay, N.S.W.

### Enough to put her into orbit

AS I tripped down the street in my best suit and ultra-smart tall hat, I felt very pleased with my appearance and with the world. This feeling was short-lived, for as I passed a stationary bus a piercing yell issued forth: "Hey, fellers, take a look at this! Something from space!" Needless to say, it was a very red-faced "space-woman" who hurried past.

£1/1/- to "M.J.B." (name supplied), New Plymouth, N.Z.

### Her diary of letters

I HAVE found a very enjoyable, easy way of keeping a "diary." I paste the letters I receive from friends and the carbon copies of the ones I write into a scrapbook. The result is much more fun than the usual lifeless notes found in formal diaries.

£1/1/- to "Diary" (name supplied), Cannington, W.A.

### Presents for the kitchen

AM I selfish or just plain human? In 17 years of marriage my husband has given me only two "personal" Christmas presents—a watch and a necklace. Every other year I have received something for the house, ranging from cutlery and tea-towels to a pair of kitchen scales.

£1/1/- to "Kitchen Kid" (name supplied), Burnie, Tas.

### Sick fathers

LIKE "Mother-to-be" (N.S.W.), who wrote that her husband is suffering with her during pregnancy, I am also expecting my first baby, and my husband claims he is suffering, too. Perhaps it is imagined, perhaps it is a bond between husband and wife, but, whatever it is, I sometimes feel it isn't quite fair. After all, I AM the one expecting the baby, and at first I cherished visions of my lying delicately in bed being "mothered" by my starry-eyed, healthy husband. Somehow my dreams have been shattered and I find I am the one doing all the consoling and mothering.

£1/1/- to "Not Quite Fair" (name supplied), Gold Coast, Qld.

A FRIEND of ours who has had four children has each time been free from pain or discomfort during pregnancy and early labor. Her husband, however, suffered morning sickness during the first few weeks and extreme pains when the babies were due. He had to tell his wife when to go to hospital for the last baby, as she had no pain but he was suffering quite badly. The baby was born just as she arrived at the hospital. His employers have given him time off for each baby, as he has been too sick to work.

£1/1/- to "Sympathy Pains" (name supplied), Summer Hill, N.S.W.

THE suffering of pain by a man during his wife's pregnancy is commonly believed, according to the "Encyclopaedia of Superstitions." It is supposed to be due to close sympathy between the married pair. If the husband does not suffer, it is a sign that the marriage isn't happy. In Yorkshire, formerly, if a girl had an illegitimate child and would not name the father, the parish would be searched until a man was found ill in bed. This illness, coinciding with the birth, was considered proof of paternity.

£1/1/- to "Well Read" (name supplied), Thomgate, S.A.

MY brother experienced "dizzy spells" when his wife was carrying a child and my own husband complained of stomach pains and various aches, so perhaps sympathy pains are not just imagination. Anyhow, these men survive. No father has been lost yet.

£1/1/- to "Another Mother" (name supplied), St Albans, Vic.

## Ross Campbell writes...

GETTING on the roof is one of those things, like carrying garbage tins, which the man of the house is expected to do.

I have never heard of a woman getting on the roof. Yet when a wife has stronger nerves than her husband (and many do) it should be all right to send her up there.

Some men, like Sid Hopkins, don't mind getting on the roof. You see Sid strolling over his tiles every weekend, without holding on. I think he is showing off—he has an irritating "Look, no hands" expression.

I admit I don't like getting on the roof, but now and then it has to be done. A tile is blown loose, or something.

There is no question of sending my wife up, as she hates climbing anything higher than a chair. In fact, her attitude has helped to undermine my own confidence.

When I announce I am going to

### NIKE MUST FALL

clear the leaves out of the guttering she carries on as if I were about to climb Mount Everest. She wrings her hands, saying "Be careful!" and "Remember what happened to Uncle Pere!"

It is true that Uncle Pere fell off a ladder and broke his arm, but he was not sober at the time.

Anyhow, I can hardly be accused of recklessness on the roof. I lie flat on my face and wriggle slowly along like a worm. There is none of the nonchalant no-hands stuff.

If possible I prefer not to get right on the roof, but to lean over from the top of a ladder. In order to be able to do this on the high side of the house, I bought myself an extension ladder for Christmas.

I did not have to wait long before giving it a tryout.

One of my son's Christmas gifts was a rocket missile named Nike. You shoot Nike into the air and it comes down by parachute.

I warned him that if he wasn't careful Nike would land on the roof. He assured me this would not happen, but it did, inside five minutes.

I dragged out the extension ladder. It weighed about a ton and swayed alarmingly when I extended it.

As I climbed up cautiously there were shouts of "Hold on tight!" and "Can you see my tennis ball?"

I got hold of Nike and brought it down, relieved to be on the ground again. But my son said: "You didn't get the nose-cone!" So I went up again for the nose-cone.

A heavy extension ladder is not an easy way to get up to the roof. At any rate, it has me fully extended.

Also, I don't like Nike.





ALISON SARA "crowns" Mark with seaweed on the beach at Kurnell Point, N.S.W., where Captain Cook landed on April 28, 1770. Right: Judy (standing) with Alison, Mark, and Phillip climbed up on the stonework surrounding the monument commemorating Captain Cook's historic landing on Australian soil.



## Quads at Cook memorial

● It was a case of "third time lucky" when staff photographer Ron Berg took the Sara quads to Kurnell Point, N.S.W., where Captain Cook landed in 1770.



PHILLIP AND JUDY study a plaque in memory of Sir Joseph Banks, the botanist who accompanied Cook on his voyage to Australia in the Endeavour.

THE first time the outing was planned the weather turned very bad and the quads and Ron spent two hours at the Saras' home in Punchbowl, playing Monopoly and waiting for the rain to stop. It didn't.

The second time two of the quads, Judy and Mark, developed tonsillitis and had to stay in bed. (They'll have their tonsils out next month.)

But when Ron arrived at the Sara home at 8.45 a.m. for the third attempt, all seemed perfect. Alison, Phillip, Judy, and Mark were all ready and waiting to see just where Captain Cook had landed in Australia.

When they arrived at Kurnell they were intrigued with the Captain Cook memorial and were also interested in the monument to Sir Joseph Banks, the famous botanist who accompanied Captain Cook.

"We're going to the Sir Joseph Banks School at Revesby after the holidays," Phillip told Ron.

Now 12, the quads will be starting their first year of high school. The Sir Joseph Banks school, only a bus trip from their home, was chosen because it is co-educational and the quads will still be able to do their lessons together.

After catching up on their history at Kurnell, the quads played round the rocks, looking for crabs (Judy was tipped by one), shrimps, and shells.

Ron bought them a double ice-cream and a soft drink, and they all climbed into the car to go to the home of their grandmother, Mrs. R. Sara, at Bondi.

But when Ron pulled the starter, nothing happened. "Why don't you pull the engine to pieces?" suggested Mark.

There was obviously something electrically wrong with the engine, so Ron had to go and telephone for the N.R.M.A. The quads thought it was all great fun.

"Do I have to call you 'Uncle' Ron now?" asked Mark, who was feeling quite grown up in view of the emergency.

Ron was quite amused by this request. Since he has been photographing the quads — all their life — his name has changed from "Ronberg" (they used to think it was all one word) to "Uncle Ron," and now to just plain "Ron."

During the wait for the N.R.M.A., Alison, the eldest of the quads, slipped quietly away and bought everyone another ice-cream. As the "mother," she is always in charge of the pocket-money.

Ron suggested they take a vote on the way they should go home — when the N.R.M.A. came. They could either take the car across on the Taren Point Ferry or take the road route across Tom Ugly's Bridge.

There could be a long wait for the ferry, Ron pointed out.

But when the time came for voting it was four to one in favor of the ferry. The quads were unanimously in favor.

A stop at Sans Souci to buy—and eat—pies after the ferry ride was another highlight of the day.

It was 3 o'clock when they arrived at "Nana's." What

with the car breakdown, the ferry trip, and the fun round the rocks, the visit to Kurnell had been much more eventful than anyone had dreamed.

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## Collectors' Corner

• Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives his opinion on readers' vases, clock, and other pieces.

Can you tell me something about my vase? It stands about 12in. high, is made up of two separate pieces which are joined in the centre, and is decorated with a floral design on a white background. — Miss C. Blackman, Mudgee, N.S.W.

Your vase (right) is a particularly fine example of early 19th century porcelain of the Empire or Regency period. It is probably French Sevres, made about 1820, although the Coalport, Spode, and Worcester factories in England also produced similar examples. It would have to be inspected to give a more accurate opinion.



• Porcelain vase.

How old is my artist's desk-occasional table? It is made of rosewood and hand-carved. — Mr. J. Gammon, Elmore, Vic.

Your piece, a rare example, is early Victorian, about 1845-55.

★ ★ ★

I have a gilt clock which stands 12in. high, has a face of white porcelain without glass and two birds and an old-fashioned musical instrument on the top. One figure decorates each side and the base has a woman's face in profile. The markings are 4 Phmourey 73 on the back and the whole clock is encased in a glass dome. Could you tell me its age, please? — Mr. C. M. Slaughter, Victoria Point, via Cleveland, Qld.

Your attractive gilt clock (below) is French. It is approximately 90 to 100 years old.



• French gilt clock.

I have a teaset which I think is Chinese or Japanese. The pieces are decorated in gold, blue, and green with white enamel work. Could you tell me the origin and age? — Miss J. Hoadley, Malden, Vic.

Your teaset is Japanese satsuma ware. It was made in the late 19th or early 20th century. It is difficult to date this particular type of set. They were first made about 1885, and were reproduced by the Japanese during the first quarter of this century.

★ ★ ★

Could you tell me the ages of my two pieces, please? One is a "blue boy" figure which is marked 1999. The other is a vase which I think is Limoges. The marking are Deposee Limoges and the name A. Silvain. — Mrs. M. West, Eastwood, N.S.W.

Your figure (below) is Austrian and was made about 1890. The vase is genuine Limoges, made about 1885.



• Vase and figure.



The pleasant-tasting fluoride with the refreshing mint flavour!

# Nyal

## FLUORIDE

### TOOTHPASTE

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# AT HOME with

## Margaret Sydney

● When I was a child I had a cousin a few years older than I who had been blessed—or cursed—with a truly beautiful voice.

FOR this he was made to suffer membership for three or four years of a cathedral choir, where he became the soloist.

For attendances at two Sunday church services and choir practice during the week he was paid, I think, 2/6 a week, which should have made him a wealthy fellow compared with his tone-deaf cousins.

But for all offences, such as being late, releasing sleepy lizards in the choir stalls, or talking during sermons, fines were deducted from his 2/6, and, being the boy he was, he must have finally left there owing the cathedral money.

At family Christmas gatherings someone would screw his arm and make him sing "Oh! For The Wings Of A Dove," and on at least one occasion I can remember him being festooned with long fair plaits and made to masquerade as an angelic little girl.

All this made Bill a very devout little boy—he used to pray continually for the glorious day when his voice would break and nobody would be interested in making him sing any more.

When that day finally came the choir-master sought an interview with Bill's parents and implored them to see that when he left school he got a job that wouldn't damage his voice, promising them that if that precaution was taken he would sing magnificently later on as a baritone.

Bill thought that one over very carefully. He thought about being an auctioneer, he thought about being a spruiker at the Royal Show, he thought about every job where he'd have a chance to shout his head off from dawn to dark, and do as much damage as possible to his vocal cords.

Finally he settled for a job as a jackeroo on a cattle station, and he's been on the land ever since.

### Famous recording

(and sold for a song)

WHAT reminded me of all this was reading recently that the little choirboy who in 1927 made the recording of "Oh! For The Wings Of A Dove," which must have been heard dozens of times by every man, woman, and child in the English-speaking world, is about to be presented with a gold disc of the recording to mark its millionth sale.

Ernest Louth, the boy soprano who made the record, is now a 51-year-old advertising executive with three sons of his own.

The record, with that magical purity of tone that has thrilled three generations of listeners, is still having the same effect on the people who hear it, and Ernest Louth's letter-box still gets crammed with fan-mail from people who think he's just a boy, and send him toys and comics.

Though the disc has been reproduced a million times, it must have been played hundreds of millions.

Ernest Louth was 15 when he made it, and you'd think that, as the singer on one of the most popular records that has ever been made, he might well have lived in luxury on the proceeds for the rest of his life.

Not a bit of it.

Ten years after the disc was first released he was paid £200 for it. From then on he has received one halfpenny per copy of it sold, and, of course, he makes nothing out of the countless replays of that disc.

His total earnings from it have been less than £2500.

So he earns his living as an advertising man, and on Sundays sings in the same church as the one in which he made his historic record.

**When aged 9, she earned a lifetime's money**

SOMEbody who has done a good deal better out of an early flash of outstanding talent is Daisy Ashford, who at nine years old wrote her hilariously funny little book "The Young Visitors or Mr. Salteena's Plan."

Now in her eighties, she is reported to have lived on the proceeds ever since it was published, and at long last to have given her consent to its being turned into a musical for production on the New York stage.

The story was that Daisy Ashford wrote "The Young Visitors" in an exercise book and pushed it away in the back of a cupboard.

If I thought there was any work of genius pushed into the back of cupboards in this house, it might spur me on to sort out the mass of old school textbooks and exercise books, old scrap-books and abandoned stamp albums that the children keep!

When Daisy Ashford was about 17 she found the exercise book and showed it to her father, who thought it was so funny he took it to a publisher.

There have often been stories that the whole thing was too good to be true and that her father (or someone else) tampered with the manuscript to make it a lot funnier than it had originally been.

I don't know. I found our battered copy of it and read it again in bed last week, and it reads to me exactly like the work of a madly precocious and observant child who saw and heard everything that was going on around her without understanding what a lot of it meant.

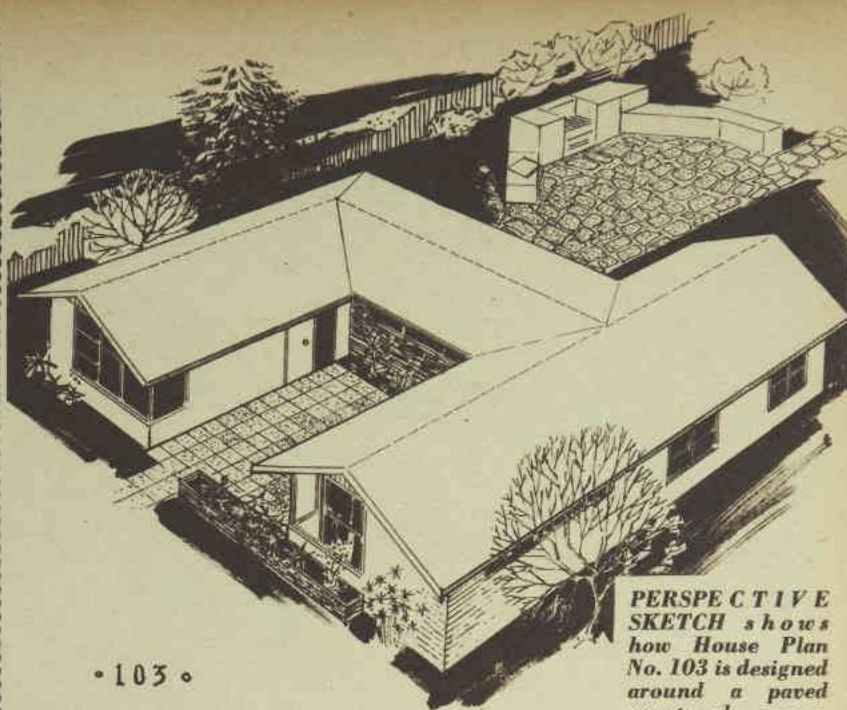
Who but a child would be likely to describe the Prince of Wales as wearing "a small but costly crown" at his levee and replying to an inquiry about the health of the Queen: "Not up to much said his Highness she feels the heat poor soul and he waved a placard which said in large letters The Queen is indisposed."

The book's hero, Mr. Salteena, is worried because he's not quite a gentleman, and he goes first to stay with his friend, Mr. Clark, "rather a presumptuous man," who sends him to live at the Crystal Palace so that the Earl of Clincham can "rub him up a bit in Society ways."

In the end Mr. Salteena is so rubbed up that he gets "the job his soul craved galloping madly after the Royal Carrage in a smart suit of green velvet with knickerbockers complet."

If you've still got a copy of it, read it again—it's 50 pages of fun.

It's nice to think of someone of over 80 still reaping the benefit of something she did for fun at nine years old, but rather sad to think (as I've been told is true) that she didn't write anything else in the next 70 years.



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The Australian  
**WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY**

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

## Home Plans Service

● This week's Home Plan is a simply designed three-bedroom house with spacious outdoor living areas at the front and back.

IT is the first design from our new Home Plans Centre at the Western Building Centre, which opens at 8-10 Milligan Street, Perth, on January 21.

The bedrooms in this house are all roomy and completely separated from the main living area.

Kitchen, utility, and bathroom units are conveniently placed in the dividing wing, with a well-glazed gallery letting in plenty of natural light.

Walls of wardrobes in the two smaller bedrooms give compact storage space.

The bathroom has a separate bath and shower and a small vanity bench.

Fittings in the kitchen are well laid out for easy working, with the minimum of

distance from one work area to another.

Adjoining the gallery is the spacious living-room. It measures 18ft. by 12ft., and its apparent size is enlarged by the inclusion of the dining area—9ft. x 8ft.

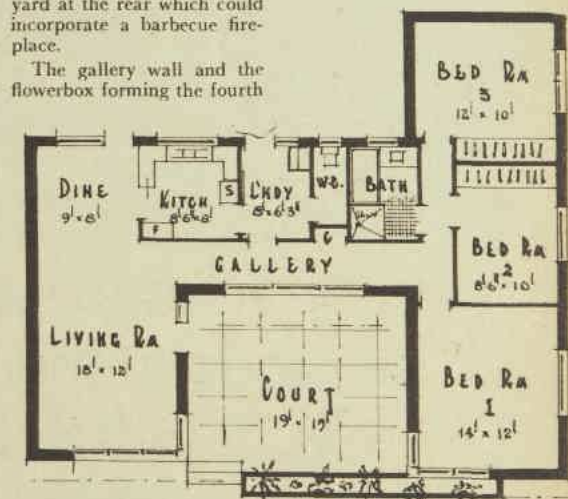
A glass door opens from the dining area to a courtyard at the rear which could incorporate a barbecue fireplace.

The gallery wall and the flowerbox forming the fourth

side of the front courtyard are of brick or stonework.

This enclosed courtyard makes an ideal spot for relaxing on sunny days and is protected from winds.

The house could be built of brick or timber. Its area is 12.25 squares in brick, 11.04 in timber.



### HOW TO USE OUR SERVICE

There are thousands of home plans by our architect-directed design service which can be modified to suit your needs.

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Brisbane: McWhirters (50121).

Toowoomba: Pigotts (7733).

Perth: Western Building Centre, (21-4788).

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Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service." Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

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☐ Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)

☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)



Only two hours from the  
world's richest, coldest waters  
to the can...



...just one reason why the best tasting  
sardines in the world are

## NORWAY SARDINES

Why do the icy waters of the Norwegian fjords produce the world's best tasting sardines? Because the coldest waters are the richest in plankton on which all fish feed. Straight from those icy waters the sardines go to be smoked over real oakwood logs. Then the flavour is improved still more by canning in handy key-opening tins in pure, natural, or olive oils . . . right beside the fjord banks *and all within two hours*. And remember while you're eating Norway Sardines they're the most nutritious in the world . . . with 3 times the calcium of milk . . . twice the iron of meat, plus Vitamins A and D.



Look for this emblem of the Norwegian Canning Industry. It is on many tins of Norway Sardines.

Here are treats to tempt hot weather appetites

### ① Norwegian Stuffed Eggplants

Two 3½ oz. cans Norway Sardines, 2 small eggplants, salt and pepper, ½ cup olive oil, 1 large onion, finely chopped, 1½ cups white bread, soaked in milk, 3 teaspoons mixed dried herbs, a little sugar, grated Parmesan cheese.

**METHOD:** Drain and mash sardines, cut eggplants in half, lengthwise. Make criss-cross slits in the tops with a knife, sprinkle well with salt and allow to stand half an hour, then squeeze out well and dry on a cloth. Spoon a little oil over each half, grill slowly until soft right through. Carefully remove meat from eggplant shells and chop it finely. Add onion, which has been sautéed in oil until golden brown, garlic, and bread, well squeezed out. Mix in herbs and sardines. Season with salt and pepper. Refill eggplant shells with mixture, sprinkle well with grated cheese and oil. Brown under grill and arrange on a hot flat serving

dish. If desired garnish with whole sardines, strips of pimiento and parsley. Serves 4.

### ② Norwegian Sardine Ring

Three 3½ oz. cans Norway sardines, 1 medium-sized green pepper, 1½ cups tomato juice, 1 white onion, 1 level tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup cold water, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, stuffed olives.

**METHOD:** Drain Sardines and reserve three for garnish. Cut remaining sardines, slice green pepper and onion, chop finely. Add to tomato juice, season to taste with pepper and salt. Sprinkle gelatine over cold water, warm over very low heat, stirring constantly until dissolved. Add lemon juice to dissolved gelatine, pour into the prepared tomato juice mixture and stir thoroughly. Arrange sliced olives and green pepper in an oiled ring tin, add mixture slowly so as not to disturb the design. Chill well. Garnish with remaining 3 sardines. Serve with a fresh green salad. Serves 6.

THE BEST TASTING SARDINES COME FROM NORWAY



# EUROPEAN COOKERY

● An attractive new cook book, "Encyclopedia of European Cookery," contains British and Continental-style recipes that should appeal to Australian housewives because they are practical, delicious, and made with ingredients easily obtainable in this country.

THE book, by Musia Soper, contains 600 pages of recipes and photographs, and in addition gives much interesting information about the eating habits of various countries, their methods of serving food, and their traditional dishes.

There is also a comprehensive section on weights, measures, and correct oven temperatures.

Here are some of the recipes—each of which serves 4.

## MUSSELBURGH PIE (BRITAIN)

One pound beef steak, 12 oysters, 2 shallots, small pieces bacon fat, puff pastry, 1oz. flour, 1½ gills stock, salt and pepper, beaten egg for glazing.

Beat steak very flat and cut into strips. Beard oysters, cut in halves. Wrap each half with small piece of bacon fat in strip of steak. Season flour with salt and pepper, coat each roll with this and pack in pie-dish. Add stock, chopped shallots, cover with pastry, brush with beaten egg, bake in hot oven 5 minutes. Lower oven to moderate, bake 1½ hours, dropping heat if necessary.

## HUSSAR'S ROAST (POLAND)

Two pounds sirloin steak, 1 onion (chopped), juice ½ lemon, 4oz. flour, 3oz. butter, 1 tablespoon brown breadcrumbs, 1 egg-yolk, salt, pepper.

Sprinkle steak with salt and dredge with flour. Melt 2oz. butter in saucepan and brown meat on both sides. Add lemon juice and little water; simmer. Sauté half the onion in remaining butter until transparent, add breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, and yolk; mix well. Fill mixture into crosswise incisions cut in meat. Put remaining onion in casserole, add meat and about ½ pint water. Cover and cook in moderate oven 1 hour or until meat is tender. Serve with the following sauce:

Sauce: One ounce butter, 2 onions, 1 clove garlic, 1 carrot (small), 1 sprig parsley, basil, ½ bayleaf, 1oz. flour, ½ pint stock, ½ pint red wine, juice ½ lemon, 2oz. ham, 1 tomato, 2 tablespoons horseradish, salt.

Melt butter in saucepan and sauté onions, garlic, carrot, and parsley (all chopped) with bayleaf and basil. Stir in flour, add stock. Simmer 40 minutes and sieve. Return to pan, add wine and lemon juice, ham (cut into strips), and tomato (chopped). Lastly season with horseradish and salt. Serve hot.

## TOPINAMBOURS EN DAUBE (FRANCE)

Two pounds Jerusalem artichokes, 1½ pints stock, 1 clove garlic (finely chopped), pinch nutmeg, 1 onion (finely sliced), 2 tablespoons butter, ½ pint white wine, bouquet garni, salt and pepper.

Wash, peel, and quarter artichokes. Melt butter in saucepan, sauté onion until beginning to brown. Add artichoke pieces, salt, pepper, nutmeg, garlic, and herbs. Pour over stock and wine. Simmer, covered, gently for 20 minutes or until cooked.

## KHVOROST (RUSSIA)

One pound flour, ½ pint milk, 3 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ cup sour cream, ½ pint brandy or vodka, butter or oil for frying, 1 tablespoon icing-sugar, pinch salt.

Mix flour, sugar, and salt, blend with milk, sour cream, brandy, and beaten eggs; mix well. Roll out very thinly, cut into strips about 4in. by 1in. Slit centre of each strip and slot one end through. Form strips into other shapes as desired. Fry in butter or oil until golden brown, drain on paper, and sprinkle with icing-sugar.

## TURKISH COFFEE

To serve 4: Four teaspoons coffee, 4 teaspoons sugar, 4 coffee cups cold water.

Combine all ingredients in saucepan, bring to boil, remove from heat, and stir. Repeat this twice more and serve immediately while still frothy.



## EELS IN WINE (AUSTRIA)

One eel, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ pint dry white wine, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 lemons, 2 eggs, ½ pint stock, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon made mustard, salt and pepper.

Chop eel into 2in. pieces. Sprinkle well with salt, leave in cold place 3½ hours. Tightly pack into saucepan, pour wine over, and sprinkle with parsley. Heat to just under boiling point, tightly covered, reduce heat, and simmer until eel is tender. Meanwhile, hard boil eggs, remove yolks, mash together with melted butter. Gradually add warmed stock, then salt, pepper, mustard, sugar, and vinegar. Heat this sauce to just under boiling, but do not boil. Serve separately with eel garnished with lemon slices.

## DALMATIAN RICE (YUGOSLAVIA)

Four ounces rice, 6oz. grated cheese, 2 or 3 onions (chopped), 2 tablespoons oil, chicken stock, salt, pepper.

Fry onions in oil, add rice and enough chicken stock to cover. Season with salt and pepper, cover and simmer until rice is tender. Drain rice, put in mould, turn out on to hot plate and sprinkle with cheese.

## MUESLI (SWITZERLAND)

Four tablespoons rolled oats, 4 tablespoons sweet condensed milk, 4 apples, 2 bananas (sliced), 4oz. walnuts, juice 1 lemon, 8oz. water, other fruit if desired.

Soak oats in water overnight. Grate apples into oats, add lemon juice and milk, mix well. Pour into 4 plates, decorate with bananas, walnuts, and other fruit in season if desired.

## JANSON'S TEMPTATION (SWEDEN)

Ten canned anchovy fillets or 4 pickled herring fillets, 5 potatoes (peeled and sliced), 2 onions (sliced), 4oz. butter, ½ pint cream.

Sauté onion in some of the butter until transparent. In greased casserole put half the potato slices, cover with onions, then anchovies or herrings (cut in strips), and remaining potato. Dot remaining butter on top, bake in moderately hot oven 10 minutes. Pour over half the cream, bake another 10 minutes. Add remaining cream, cook until potatoes are done (about 1 hour in all). Serve immediately with salad.

**HUSSAR'S ROAST:** This unusual Polish recipe features a large piece of sirloin steak which is stuffed and baked until tender with a delicious piquant sauce poured over for serving. Picture by Don Cameron.

## STUFFED VEAL PIE (ITALY)

One and a half pounds veal (thinly sliced and flattened), butter, some stock or strained tomato juice.

Stuffing: Four ounces lean veal, 4oz. sweetbreads, 4oz. lean ham, 1 onion (finely chopped), 2oz. uncooked peas, pinch marjoram, 1 egg, 3 egg-yolks, 1oz. butter, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 4oz. mushrooms (chopped).

For stuffing, melt butter and sauté onion until golden. Add the 4oz. veal, sweetbreads, and ham (all cut small). Cook 10 to 12 minutes. Remove from heat, chop finely, add other ingredients. Place slices of veal to cover base of greased ovenproof dish, cover with layer of stuffing, then another layer of veal, continuing until finished with veal. Dot with butter, bake in moderate oven 45 minutes, basting occasionally with stock or tomato sauce. Serve hot or cold.

## EGGS FLAMENCA STYLE (SPAIN)

Six eggs, 2lb. tomatoes (sliced), 8oz. peas, 8oz. asparagus tips, olive oil for frying, 8oz. green beans, 6 slices ham, 4oz. chopped ham, 4oz. garlic sausage (sliced), 1 onion (sliced), 2 cloves garlic (chopped), 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, ½ pint stock, red pepper (sliced), pinch sugar, salt, pepper.

Heat oil in saucepan, slightly fry onion and garlic. Add chopped ham, tomato, sugar, salt, and pepper to taste, stock, beans (cut into pieces), peas, and asparagus tips (if canned add when other vegetables are tender). Cook slowly until tender. Place drained vegetables in ovenproof dish, break eggs over them, cover with parsley, garlic sausage, ham slices, red pepper. Cook quickly in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes until whites are set.

*Continued overleaf*



The world's  
First Instant  
sweet!



STILL A FAMILY  
FAVOURITE  
DELICIOUS  
**HANSEN'S**  
JUNKET

IN  
**5** FLAVOURS  
(AND PLAIN)  
Pineapple  
Strawberry  
Raspberry  
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NO COOKING . . . NO BEATING

Junket, being a milk-based food, contains all the goodness of milk . . . a variety of nutrients necessary for a balanced diet in an attractive form.

**HANSEN'S**  
JUNKET  
TABLETS



## Pumpkin cake wins prize

● An N.S.W. reader wins the £5 main prize for a recipe for an unusual pumpkin-flavored cake to serve at lunch.

**CONSOLATION** prizes of £1 each are awarded for recipes for an attractive fruit dessert and a simple biscuit with variations.

Spoon measurements are level.

### PUMPKIN BUBBLE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup castor sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup warm dry mashed pumpkin, 2 large eggs, vanilla essence, 2 cups rice cereal, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam, 2 cups self-raising flour.

Beat butter and sugar until creamed and fluffy. Add egg-yolks, vanilla essence, and mashed pumpkin; beat well. Sift in flour alternately with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups of rice cereal. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, place mixture in lined and greased shallow cake-tin. Add enough hot water to raspberry jam to make a running consistency; spread evenly over cake mixture. Cover with remainder of rice cereal; bake in moderate oven about 40 minutes or until well risen. Test with skewer. When cool, cut into squares to serve.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. O. Tewkesbury, Taylor Rd., Fern Bay, Newcastle, N.S.W.

### CORAL COAST COOKIES

Basic Recipe: Half pound butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups

sifted wholemeal self-raising flour, pinch salt.

In a saucepan melt butter, remove from heat and add remaining ingredients. Stir well, then add any of the following variations:

● Grated rind and juice 1 orange, 1 teaspoon mixed spice and 1 extra cup flour.  
● One cup raisins, sultanas, or currants, and 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

● Add half cup each of cocoa, coconut, breakfast oats, and 3 well-mashed bananas, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon.

● One cup dates cut into small pieces and 1 well-mashed banana.

Place chosen mixture in teaspoonfuls on preheated trays; bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes or until crisp and golden. Loosen when removed from oven, leave to cool on trays. Makes about 4 dozen.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Bartram, Box 386, Bowen, North Qld.

### THREE-FRUIT SALAD

One large dessert apple, 4 pineapple rings, 2 bananas, 1 can peaches or pears, lemon juice, cherries or black grapes, chopped nuts.

Choose apple with bright red skin, core and cut into 4 slices crosswise. Place pineapple rings overlapping on fruit platter, with overlapping slices of apple to form row down centre of dish. Sprinkle sliced bananas with lemon juice. Overlap in row down each side. Tuck into centre few pieces of



CUT INTO SQUARES and served with a glass of milk or fruit juice, this easy-to-make Pumpkin Bubble Cake will soon become a children's mid-morning favorite. See the prizewinning recipe at left.

peach or pear. Decorate with cherries or black grapes and chopped nuts. Serve with one of the following dressings:

**Golden Dressing:** Half cup each lemon, orange, and pineapple juice, 2 eggs, 4oz. castor sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream.

Heat lemon, orange, and pineapple juices in top of double boiler. Beat eggs with castor sugar until light, stir gradually into fruit juices. Stir constantly over boiling water until custard consistency, but do not allow to boil. Place top of boiler in basin of cold water. Beat mixture until smooth, then leave until cold. Beat cream until thick, fold into sauce. Serve in glass bowl.

**Marshmallow Dressing:** One brick vanilla-flavored ice-cream, 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups chopped marshmallows.

Leave ice-cream in warm room until melted. Stir in chopped marshmallows. Serve in glass bowl.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Smith, 57 Farmborough Rd., Unanderra, N.S.W.

## READERS' HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● These useful household hints have been sent in by readers. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

**ICED** coffee is delicious on hot days.

To keep it cold, use ice-blocks made with coffee and water. Plain ice-blocks, when they melt, tend to make the coffee watery.—Miss P. Morgan-Jones, "Wyellan Park," Moree, N.S.W.

Add a teaspoon of condensed milk to mock-cream cake filling for a rich, creamy taste.—Mrs. Rene Barrowcliff, 60 Tyne Ave., Kilburn, S.A.

Tie a cotton-reel to the handle of your wooden mixing spoon. It will rest on the edge of the pan or bowl and stop the spoon slipping in.—Mrs. A. Brown, Parkville, N.S.W.

Before polishing furniture stand the bottle of polish in a dish of hot water. The warm polish penetrates faster and does a more efficient job.—Mrs. R. N. Royan, Redridge, Childers, Qld.

Artists' oil-paint will invisibly mend treasured pieces of china. Apply oil-paint to the broken pieces, press the edges firmly together, and store the article away for a few weeks to dry. The join is as strong as the china itself.—Miss Marie Elms, Parker St., Rushworth, Vic.

An out-of-date music stool with a lid makes a good sewing-box. Compartments for cottons and a scissors rack can be screwed inside the lid.—Mrs. G. A. Bartlett, 33 Queens Rd., Westmead, N.S.W.

Slip a handkerchief into pockets of dresses, shorts, and school uniforms after you have finished ironing, to make sure children always start out with a clean one.—Mrs. F. Hill, 13 Maryborough St., Granville, Maryborough, Qld.

If gummed labels, postage stamps, or jam-pot covers stick together, don't soak them in water. Lay a thin paper over them and press with a hot iron. They come apart easily and gum remains intact.—Mrs. L. Martin, 6 Sellick St., Swan Hill, Vic.

Add pineapple juice to thick peanut butter. It is much easier to spread and has a delicious new flavor.—Mrs. W. Grant, Youngtown, Tas.

When you buy a length of material for a new dress, buy a wooden coathanger, too. Cover it with material left over from the dress. If you do this every time you make a dress you'll never be short of a pretty hanger.—Mrs. Newby, 1A Roseberry Ave., South Perth.

To make men's and boys' athletic singlets last much longer, bind round neck and armholes of singlets and legs of underpants with white bias binding. Do this when the garments are new and their life will be almost trebled.—Mrs. N. E. Bissell, 25 Richard St., Moe, Vic.

## European cookery

(Continued from previous page)

### PORTUGUESE EGGS

Four large tomatoes, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 2 sprigs parsley, salt, pepper.

Cut tops off tomatoes, scoop out insides and break one egg into each. Season with salt and pepper, cover with breadcrumbs, sprinkle with chopped parsley, dot with butter. Place in buttered oven-dish, bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes.

### RABBIT WITH PRUNES (BELGIUM)

One rabbit (jointed),  $\frac{1}{2}$  bottle red wine, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 4 peppercorns, 2 bayleaves, thyme, 2oz. butter, 2oz. flour, 1lb. prunes, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon red-currant jelly.

Marinate rabbit in wine and vinegar, peppercorns, and herbs 24 hours. Drain. Fry lightly on all sides in butter. Stir in flour. Add enough water to cover. Season with salt, pepper. Add prunes (soaked if necessary), cover pan; simmer 1 hour or until tender. Stir in red-currant jelly before serving.

### BEER BREAD (SCANDINAVIA)

One pint light beer,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint water, 2 egg-yolks,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream, sugar to taste, croutons or diced fried bread.

Put liquids into saucepan, add yolks. Heat slowly while beating. Add sugar. Remove from heat just before boiling. Serve immediately with croutons or fried bread.

### KARELIAN STEW (FINLAND)

One pound stewing steak, 1lb. shoulder of mutton, 8oz. pork, 1 onion, 12 peppercorns, salt, water.

Cut all meat and bones into approximate 1in. squares. Put pieces into large oven-dish. Mutton first, then pork and steak. Add onion (cut into rings), peppercorns, salt to taste and enough hot water to cover. Cook uncovered in moderate oven 1 hour. Reduce heat, cook very slowly another 2 to 3 hours.

### WITCHES' FROTH (HUNGARY)

Two pounds apples, 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites, 4oz. castor sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream, 1 tablespoon apricot brandy.

Bake apples until soft, peel and core. Mash pulp and add sugar, brandy, and egg-whites. Chill, serve with whipped cream on top.

### FRUIT IN BRANDY (GERMANY)

Firm, ripe peaches, apricots or large plums, 8oz. sugar to each 1lb. of fruit, amount of brandy equal to syrup when cooked (see method), water.

Add enough water to be absorbed by sugar. Bring sugar to boil, stirring constantly. Remove any scum, boil very slowly until syrup forms beads on back of spoon. Wipe fruit, prick through to stone at intervals with needle. Add whole fruit to syrup and bring almost to boil. Remove from heat, leave overnight. Remove fruit, drain, and boil syrup to thicken. Mix it with equal quantity of brandy. Pour liquid over fruit in jar, cover tightly and store in fairly cool place.

Note: Fruit should not become soft in cooking.

### BAKED GHERKINS (HOLLAND)

One pound gherkins, 4oz. flour, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons vegetable stock, pinch salt, fat for frying, cream.

Make batter with flour and salt blended with egg and vegetable stock. Dip gherkins in batter, fry in deep hot fat until golden brown. Serve with cream.

### RUMANIAN TRIPE

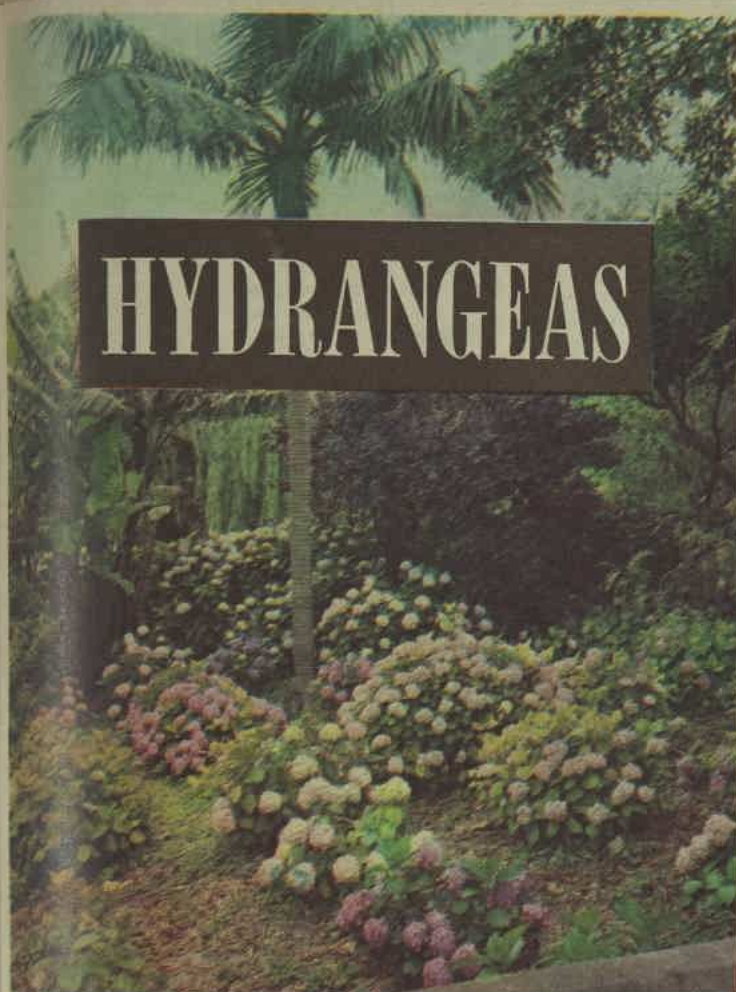
One and a half lbs. tripe, 1 calf's foot, 1 egg, 1 carrot, 1 parsnip, 1 onion, 1 celery stalk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 6 peppercorns, 1 bayleaf, salt, pepper, water.

Put tripe and calf's foot in pan of cold water, bring to boil. Remove scum, add all seasonings, sliced onion, parsnip, and celery; simmer 2 hours. Grate carrot coarsely, fry lightly in butter. Add flour and little of the stock; simmer gently 15 minutes. Strain off stock. Cut tripe into 2in. squares, remove meat from calf's foot, put into another saucepan. Add egg-yolk and lemon juice to carrot mixture. Pour over meat and tripe. Simmer 10 to 15 minutes, very slowly.

"Encyclopedia of European Cookery," by Musia Seger (Paul Hamlyn), distributed throughout Australia by Austral Book Shop, Collins St., Melbourne. Available in stores and bookshops. Price approximately, 19/6.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 23, 1963





# HYDRANGEAS

Gardening Book—page 88

## ● Hydrangeas are ready for pruning when their main flowering is over.

**M**ARK those that flowered poorly or were weak in coloring, and later transplant them or strike cuttings from them in better positions—sheltered from afternoon sun and in moister, richer soil.

Pruning can be carried out in January or February. Prune to a good shape, and cut above a second full eye, not a single eye. Remove all spindly growth.

Cut the bush back hard every two or three years.

If you don't prune your hydrangeas there will be late blooms well into winter. Some people, however, like to keep the plants blooming into winter. To assist this, prune very lightly in summer, postponing the main pruning until August.

### Three needs

Remember that hydrangeas need three things—afternoon shade, rotted cow manure, and plenty of water.

They do best in semi-shade where the drainage is good, or a spot in full morning sunlight, where the soil contains ample humus (rotted vegetable matter).

They don't mind morning sun, but afternoon shade is essential for them. Avoid deep shade—it makes the colors wishy-washy.

Many hydrangeas grown in poor sand have off-white blooms, neither pink nor blue, due to lack of nourishment, or a soil that is neither acid nor sufficiently alkaline.

An alkaline soil produces pink or red blooms. It can be made to produce blue, purple, or violet by the addition of aluminium sulphate, powdered sulphur, or sulphate of iron.

A little hydrated lime applied in winter will, in most cases, make mildly acid soil alkaline, and the colors will then be pink or red.

Genuinely white hydrangeas don't change, no matter what the soil.

Feed hydrangeas in August and September as the new growth appears. Rotted cow manure is the best fertiliser. Shovel it around the plants, making a thick mulch. A scant application is of little use.

When the blooms begin to show color, the plants must be watered every day. In fact, they must never be allowed to dry out until they have finished blooming.

Never pick the flowers when the sun is on them. Early morning or the evening is best.

Scrape up the base of each stem about 5 in., place in a bucket of water for several hours at least. The blooms will then last for two weeks.

Refill the vases with water every day, as hydrangeas drink a terrific amount.

● Picture was taken at Vacluse House, Vacluse, N.S.W.

Gardening Book—page 89

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



All steel wools are not the same

**STEELO**  
is finer and softer

that's why it keeps your pots and pans smoother as well as brighter

STEELO cleans and shines but doesn't leave any abrasive marks because it is finer and softer. Be sure and say STEELO—especially if you have new saucepans. Even new saucepans get burnt bottoms—inside and out. Keep them smooth as well as shining by using STEELO—the finest, softest steel wool.



\* Have you tried new

**STEELO** Soap Pads



Billions of Steelo "scrub bubbles" cut grease so fast you scarcely need to scrub. All the fineness and softness of regular Steelo plus coconut oil soap. So kind to your hands as well as your pans.



# Dress Sense

● This slender-line dress with a flying back panel is my design choice for a reader who will be a guest at an afternoon wedding.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"Could you design me a formal afternoon dress to wear to a wedding to be held at 4 p.m.? I have six yards of navy-and-white print. I want a striking style to

fit a 34in. bust size. I would also like advice about the accessories."

Illustrated at right is the design I have chosen in answer to your query. The dress is cut on slim lines, has a higher-in-front neckline that plunges into a V-shape at the back. A self-material panel completes the dress. My accessory choice is a navy chiffon pillbox hat, white gloves, and black satin shoes. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in your size group. Under the illustration are details and how to order.



End corn pain instantly with these world-famous, super-soft pads. Soothe, cushion, protect. Medicated discs remove corns. Sticks also for Calluses, Bunions. 3/6 packet at Chemists and Stores.

**Dr. Scholl's ZINO PADS**  
For every foot trouble there's a Dr. Scholl's remedy

"What shades will be seen in next season's coat fashions?"

Red, camel, grey, and off-white are the main coat colors for this autumn.



DS510. — One-piece dress in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

By BETTY KEEP

"Is it ever possible to cope with three young children, consider a budget, and yet look fresh and attractive? I can sew, but am not all that experienced. My wardrobe consists of blue jeans and budget-type cotton house dresses. Have you any tips you could pass on? I am in my twenties, tall, and, thank goodness, still slim."

I think you can manage to look fresh and pretty if you work at it. It means extra laundering for yourself, a keen eye for flattering colors, and some home dress-making. Blue jeans are probably your best bet for working around the house, and with your figure, plus a shirt in a flattering color, you will look attractive.

Unless you have some special dinner-hour problem, surely you can find time to slip into a pretty dress. I interpret "pretty dress" as a shift or muu-muu made in easy-care fabric. The shops are full of wonderful fabrics, and even the most inexperienced home sewer can make a muu-muu. Lastly, watch the sales for gold sandals; they do dress up a shift or muu-muu.

"As I am several inches taller than my husband-to-be, I wondered if it would be permissible to wear low-heeled shoes with a floor-length wedding gown."

Quite correct, the formal shoe with a little heel is an established fashion. Actually as the dress is floor-length, the height of the heel will not be seen.

"From last season I have a black afternoon coat finished with a brown beaver collar. I intend to wear it this season with a navy-blue frock. What color shoes and handbag would be correct?"

Black shoes and black handbag, or taupe shoes and harmonising handbag. Whichever color you choose, beige gloves would lighten the ensemble.

"Could you tell me the correct way to wash skin gloves?"

Wash the gloves on your hands, using lukewarm water and a complexion soap. Rinse the gloves on your hands, too, in lukewarm water. Dry in the shade indoors, either pegged to a line or dress hanger, or placed flat on a towel. Before using either drying method, blow into the gloves to give them shape. Before they are thoroughly dry, pull them on your hands. (Warning: Check manufacturer's instructions to make quite sure the gloves are washable. If there is any doubt send them to the cleaner.)

Seeing Ellen Stanley really gave me a surprise! She looked so young!



Ellen Stanley!

Alice! It's been ages. Come on, let's share a taxi.



Ellen, how do you manage to have such a lovely complexion? It hasn't changed a bit in ten years!

Simple! Palmolive soap facials. They can help almost any girl be younger looking.



## Palmolive Beauty Plan gives NewLife to your complexion

Doctors prove that Palmolive Beauty care can bring you a lovelier complexion in 14 days. From the very first day you use it you'll discover that Palmolive soap beautifies as it cleans. Palmolive soap with gentle olive oil is so mild, so pure, its

rich, creamy lather cleans so thoroughly that it gives new life to your complexion. Start your Palmolive Beauty Plan today —because only Palmolive, with gentle olive oil, gives your skin the care of a real beauty treatment.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, use new creamy PINK PALMOLIVE enriched with pink beauty cream, sister-in-beauty to famous GREEN PALMOLIVE.



Look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

- \* Fresher, brighter complexion
- \* Complexion clearer, more radiant
- \* Less oiliness
- \* Added softness and smoothness
- \* Fewer tiny blemishes and incipient blackheads

PALMOLIVE CONTAINS gentle olive oil





## How to make good iced coffee . . .

Interesting how coffee changes its personality in summer . . . yet remains the same rewarding, satisfying drink.

But cold coffee is not *iced* coffee. And all iced coffee is not equally delicious. Let the people who *know* coffee . . . the people who grow the coffee beans, show you how to make delicious iced coffee.

Simply brew some extra breakfast coffee in the morning then freeze it into coffee ice cubes in the refrigerator. Later brew some fresh, hot coffee and pour it into a glass filled with coffee ice cubes.

Another successful way is to pour hot coffee over regular ice cubes. Make it double-strength to avoid a watery brew.

### \*\*\*\*\* COFFEE TROPICALE \*\*\*\*\*

Creamy, foamy Coffee Tropicale is a favoured way of serving coffee in Latin American countries.

*1½ cups strong, cool coffee, finely crushed ice, 1 tablespoon granulated sugar.*

Place all ingredients in bowl and blend with rotary beater until smooth and fluffy. Pour into 4 tall glasses.

### \*\*\*\*\* MOCHA FROSTED \*\*\*\*\*

Here's a smooth, taste-tempting summer coffee drink that's tops with everybody!

*2½ measuring cups strong, cold coffee, 5 tablespoons chocolate syrup, 1 pint coffee ice cream.*

Place all ingredients in bowl and blend with rotary beater until smooth. Pour into tall glasses. Serves 4.

*If you are an old friend of iced coffee, you will enjoy these recipes. If you are about to try iced coffee for the first time, we hope you will discover a new pleasure here. Perhaps make a new friend for life . . .*



## Continuing . . . THE LETTER

Miss Veysey sought for words to comfort him.

"People we're fond of don't change," she said. "When you meet them again after a long time you — well, you notice a difference, of course, at first. And then somehow their features seem to slip into the familiar outlines and you see that they're just the same as they used to be, after all."

Dear me, she thought, how very inadequate! She hurried on.

"Don't worry, dear General Farringay. I expect you'll feel quite different tomorrow. And if you don't — well, we'll tell her that you had to go off on urgent business, but that you sent her your love."

"Yes, yes," he said eagerly. "Do that. Give her my love."

He smiled at her gratefully and she helped him to his feet. After he had left her he went into the writing-room. It was empty and he sat down in an armchair by the fire. He felt very tired and when the gong sounded he did not move. He would give dinner a miss tonight. Good for his digestion — no more nasty dreams.

Suddenly he heard a light footstep. The door opened and Alice stood there smiling

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at him just as she used to smile all those years ago.

He started up.

"Why, Alice! I wasn't expecting you until tomorrow. I get so muddled, y'know, these days."

He went toward her, leaning on his stick.

"I'm glad you came today, my dear. I was going to run away from you tomorrow. Fancy that! Running away from you! Thought you'd have changed, y'know. Couldn't face it. Silly of me, because you haven't changed a bit!"

He stopped, peering at her. "And, bless my soul, you're wearing that pretty blue dress you wore at the dance — with the little bow of ribbon peeping out from your hair!"

Wilkins was late off duty that night, but at last he took off his uniform coat and hung it on its hook.

"Ah," he said, "I never thought this morning I was handing the old gentleman his newspaper for the last time."

"And 'is letter," said the night porter. "Don't forget that, Bert. Wonder wot was in it? Good noos, I wouldn't be surprised. Did you notice wot a smile he 'ad on his face? You'd think 'e'd seen all the angels in 'eaven rolled into one."

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## Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut-out ready to make.

"VAN".—Cool and smart, this double-breasted slim-fitting frock is specially designed for the larger figure. Material is poplin in navy, pale blue, red, or olive, all with white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 36 and 38in. bust, £5/8/6; 40 and 42in. bust, £5/10/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 36 and 38in. bust, £3/17/6; 40 and 42in. bust, £3/19/6.

Postage 6/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 51. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

## Continuing . . . THE VOYAGERS

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the steward still had one vacant place at the Captain's table. He felt that it should be assigned to a woman, if possible, for both the Captain and Mr. Hugh Lawrence, who held some important post in the State Department, were extra men.

It should be a good-looking, charming woman, thought the chief steward, as he politely placed demanding dowagers and over-eager widows elsewhere. He had already put the Leslie Vicks at the Captain's table, and the Joe Millers, who were the television Millers, and Mr. and Mrs. Carter Evans, whom the steward had not yet seen. But they had one of the most expensive suites on the ship and the purser had asked Sam Wilson to take good care of them.

After such important people were weeded out, the steward's job was something of a gamble and he had to rely on experience and instinct. He was not sure of what to do for Mr. and Mrs. Bain.

They stood together before him, a handsome couple in their presumable forties. Mrs. Bain seemed so shy and self-conscious. Mr. Bain was aggressively protective to her. Mr. Wilson put the pair at a table in the balcony, which circled the lower square of the dining-room, where they would not be too conspicuous in case any scandal developed.

"We don't want to be stuck in a corner," declared Mr. Bain as if he were ready and willing to fight about it.

"Certainly not, sir," said Sam Wilson, "this is a very good table. You will have a

view over the whole dining-room."

The line was dwindling. The chief steward turned to the next person. She's a very attractive young woman, thought Sam instantly, approving the expensive simplicity of the tan suit and the white-collared blouse. She had dark eyes and blond hair, which curled enough to be exciting, but was not unkempt like so many fashionable haircuts.

"Sara Martin," she said in answer to his questioning smile.

"Oh, yes, Miss Martin," as if he had known.

"Mrs. Martin," said Sara, and her heart lurched as she spoke, because, although she had to do it, she still could not help feeling that to list herself as a married woman, using Henry's surname, was a lie.

Sam Wilson remembered now that she was one of the women who had single cabins on the boatdeck, no husband listed, and he had planned to place her at a table with several elderly widows. But that wouldn't do. He hadn't known that she was so young. Sam wondered quickly — he knew nothing about her background, but she was paying a big price for that cabin and she looked very much a lady. The captain liked to have good-looking, well-dressed women at his table. That movie queen might be difficult. She might not even appear at meals.

To page 41

# NEW Goddard's Silver Dip IN THE WIDE-NECKED JAR

now you can clean big spoons and forks, or more silver at one time!

NEW 10-oz. BOTTLE of Goddard's Silver Dip costs no more than the former 7-oz. bottle! We're making you a present of 3 OUNCES FREE!

Everybody knows that Goddard's Silver Dip banishes stains and tarnish without rubbing! You simply go ahead, dip your silver in Silver Dip, then rinse and dry. No need to tell you that those stubborn stains and tarnish vanish with no work at all... even between the prongs of forks or intricate filigree. Clean your silver at the NEW ECONOMY PRICE! Good silver stays good — forever — with Silver Dip. STILL ONLY 7/9.

ASK AT ALL STORES



IMPORTANT: Goddard's Mr. Sparkle advises that in Queensland Silver Dip is only available in the big 14-oz. bottle so reasonably priced at 9/4.



GODDARD'S... specialists in fine polishes for over 120 years.



After the holiday season

# A GOOD OLD GROWL

## "I fall for dress sales"

● Most of us are either lucky or canny enough to keep our vices hidden, or, better still, make them look like virtues. Unfortunately, I can't do either. My vice is dresses.

JUST dresses. It sounds simple enough to forget all about them and, with a blind eye turned the other way, bypass the latest creations in the arcades and bargain centres.

In the department stores they leave you alone for a while to wrestle with your folly before a willowy blond swims into view and asks, "Does modom want attention?"

No, just looking, you say, and dive for the escalator when her elegant back is turned, thinking with a thrill of victory that at least you will arrive home with modest things you had planned to buy and nothing more.

However, this moment of "triumph," I find, is the time to be wariest.

A cup of coffee in an arcade and a seat to rest the burning feet and THERE IT IS, RIGHT OPPOSITE.

Yes, the shops know all about women like me and plan accordingly.

A glass case just opposite, outside, with a floral two-piece for a 7st. sylph, and I have visions of making a hit at the next church wedding.

The coffee is forgotten. The familiar fever starts. No harm in a little look, I think, weakly.

I make a beeline for the tempters opposite.

The full sheen of satin and brocade and the flimsy sheers and silks thrill me and send every nerve in my body quivering.

By the swift summing-up I receive as I enter I know that I am "dished." All the girls are arrayed against me, and I fleetingly think of the spider and the fly.

I walk like a lamb to the slaughter across a prairie of lush carpet to the high hairdo with the smile attached.

"Er. That frock in the window—floral with coat," I stammer; "have you got it nearer my size?"

### S-t-r-e-t-c-h

I am given the once-over by a pair of X-ray eyes in which I see a gleam of sarcasm. "O.S., I'd say, modom. No, we don't sell that particular line in that size, but if you'll come over here—"

For me they bring out sack-like ensembles to fit the Fat Lady from the circus. Dingy jacket dresses. Jerseys that stretch like chewing-

● As every woman knows, the December-January period holds lots of fun—and loads of irritations, too. These Readers' Stories outline some of the bugbears of the season.

gum. Floral cottons of vast dimensions.

My own modest cast-offs are buried under them all on the chair, and about twenty creations later I know defeat.

My face gets hotter and my feet fairly roar to rest.

I buy my liberty with a beaded mauve crepe, which I silently vow I will wear on moonless nights or under a coat, and make my escape to the triumphant ringing of their cash register.

The coffee lounge sees me as a repeat customer—not for their indifferent beverage or sawdust biscuits, but I feel if I don't sit down I'll fall down for good and they'll bury me in the mauve nightmare.

The zombies in the shop opposite are moving in on another fly.

It is time for home now and I sigh as I realise I'VE BEEN CAUGHT AGAIN.

I wonder what my better half will say, and for the umpteenth time realise that the Fat Lady is forever abandoned to her dreary, unchic fate, while her slimmer sisters parade in the smartest and latest that the fashion world can offer.

Never again! I vow. But vows, like good resolutions, are made to be broken, aren't they?

M. Davies, Concord, N.S.W.

## "Overcharged for the meat"

● I'm exhausted and I'm irate. And sick of being overcharged.

medals, at school, for mental arithmetic.

Once upon a shopping time, should the fancy take you personally to collect your parcel of meat, the man in the white coat jotted down on the wrapping paper the price of each item, as he whipped it off the scales.

For my dull sisters, and my even duller self, whose school maths, paper regularly produced an unfortunate 27 per cent. approx., this was just cosy.

Home with the doings, we could have a nice leisurely check with our pencil.

### They're quick!

But, alas, fashions have changed in the meat game.

It's "£2/3/6, madam, thank you, madam, next please." The man with the electronic brain has the total before you can fumble for your purse.

You are unable to remember, heaven help you, whether the steak was a bit over, or the joint was, or both.

And there's a nagging little doubt in your mind regarding the lightning calculations of these wizards.

Don't they ever make mistakes, you wonder, resentfully.

Today I entered the butcher's shop to buy my week-end supplies. My first order, 1lb. of rump steak, was, of course, that "little bit over, 7/11, thank you, madam."

Now, I felt weary today. My feet were aching and

my head was banging away in sympathy. It was not one of my good days.

Suddenly, all the frustration of years of "bits over" welled up inside my red head.

"I don't want a bit over. I want 1lb., just 1lb.," I shouted. My voice sounded loud in my ears; those who don't really care for me might even say belligerent.

"And," I continued, "bring it up to these scales to weigh."

You may have noticed that some butchers have the quaint habit of always using the scales at the other end of the shop.

A startled silence descended. I could sense the eyes of the crowded shop turn in my direction. The face of the assistant assumed a look of pained surprise. "But, madam, it's very hard to cut exactly—"

The remainder was lost on madam.

"I want 1lb. of rump steak," I almost roared. "Bring that meat up here, man; bring it up here to weigh." My blood pressure was rising rapidly.

Yes, the butcher humored madam's tiresome whim. I got 1lb. rump steak (6/6).

I also got a good clear look at the scale reading before that meat was cut—1lb. 2oz. I also "got" a pencil at home.

I think it is time housewives got together on this one.

"Housewife," South Coast, N.S.W.

## "Don't smack your child in public"

● Like most women I find nothing more enjoyable than a few hours looking and buying, but how often have I had my trip spoilt by the behaviour of mothers of young children.

SOME days are so bad that every few yards there is a cuff, a smack, and then a yell, a scuffle, and a disturbance in the crowd.

For a minute I am afraid to look in case I see some remembrance or reflection of myself when I am overstrained or overtired.

I wonder if mothers ever realise how they look, their faces distorted with anger, voices harsh and angry, snarling over junior, who does not believe in putting on a turn unless he makes it a good one. How many mothers would be shocked and amazed if they could see themselves as others see them

in the crowd, or inadvertently taken on a film.

I have seven children of my own and know just what a metamorphosis can take place when the little angel who has been excited over the ta-ta she or he has been taken suddenly decides she or he has had it, has walked too far, seen too much.

I have come to the conclusion at last that children should never, never be taken shopping, are only a nuisance to the mother and to the passers-by, and should, unless absolutely impossible, be left at home or at a baby-minding centre, or in the care of a kindly neighbor.

Oh, how I can hear the buzz of angry mothers! And the excuses and reasons why

they must take junior shopping.

But let us be sensible. The only real necessity to have junior in the shops is to have him fitted with clothing or shoes.

Otherwise he would be just as happy in some large suburban baby-minding centre, and I do not know why councils do not insist on some central baby-minding centre.

### Too much

For, of all people in the community, mothers are under the greatest strain, and often have the least help.

The fact is that the obstreperous little toddler, though loved and loving at

home, finds strenuous shopping just too much for him.

However, there is another section, which I call the controllable strollers, who have a different problem.

They are the infants still confined to pram or stroller and who are really no problem to take shopping except for the bugbear of dragging goods home.

A young mother who has to lug a heavy pram and a load of goods home from a shopping centre will soon become a smackin', smackin' woman, for she will be over-tired and overstrained.

One day when my twin sons were 18 months old I totted up the weight I pushed the steep hill near my home.

I counted about 30lb. for each tot, another thirty or more for the heavy twin stroller, and about another twenty for the groceries—nearly half a hundredweight!

I do not appear to have been harmed by my strenu-

ous trips, but who knows what the protesting heart or tummy is to say later on in life.

There is another place where our fair sex can be seen with the bad side uppermost, particularly in smacking children—the doctor's surgery.

How often after long waits children become uncontrollable and mother loses her temper.

Mostly the child is there because she cannot leave him, and he has to be dragged into the inner sanctum because there is nowhere safe to leave him, and most of the patients in the waiting-room are casting very jaded looks in his direction.

It is a disgrace for any surgery waiting-room to be built without a small gaolhouse for the preschool child, a gaolhouse with a few toys and a supervisor.

What I am really trying to say to my fellow mothers is: when junior gets out of

hand in public, don't land out and hit him.

We debase ourselves. Instead pick him up and dust him, speak quietly and kindly and pack him off home as soon as feasible and then sit down and send a sizzling letter to whoever is responsible for the condition that causes the trouble.

### "Important"

Bomb your local member about the lack of centres—after all we are really the most important people in the community. We vote, too.

Air other grievances, too, to the appropriate person.

In the meantime, junior is only a little fellow for such a short time.

Discipline him when he really needs it in a dignified way in your own home, but, please, not in the middle of the footpath, in shops, or other crowded places, or at the doctor's.

Mrs. Dorothy Jones, Sydney.



*Too good to leave...*



There ought to be a better word than delicious  
just for

# *Kellogg's* \* CORN FLAKES

Best flavour  
Crispness that welcomes milk  
More nourishment in every friendly flake

*The best to you each morning*





He asked, "Have you any preference, Mrs. Martin? Are there any friends you'd like to sit with?"

"No," she said, "I'm quite alone. It doesn't matter at all."

He drew out a fresh card and made a notation on it, taking the risk.

"I'm sure you'll be happy at this table," he said.

She gave Sam Wilson a smile that made him feel he had been right, but she slipped the card into her purse without looking at it.

He was about through with this job now. The steward studied the table charts and then checked the passenger list to see the names of those who had not appeared nor telephoned. A man named Thomas Gallagher hadn't shown up. Probably he was some Irish character who had already found the bar and didn't know the routine of making shipboard arrangements.

He'd have to take what he could get. The steward put Mr. Gallagher with the Bain couple. There was one seat left at that table.

Tom Gallagher was not in the bar. He was still standing near the stern of the upper deck, although the Golden Gate had disappeared in the distance. He was thinking contemptuously that he was a loafer for the first time in his life, going off like this with no job to do. As if he were one of those old retired characters who was twice his age. It was all right for Mr. Wells Crandall, whom Tom had seen coming on board, to take a pleasure cruise. He must be close to seventy and he'd made his record in industry.

**T**OM remembered when he had seen Mr. Crandall before. He had never met him personally, but he had seen him on the dais in the Waldorf ballroom with other top-flight men at a manufacturers' convention. Tom had always hoped to contact Mr. Crandall, while he was still active, and have a chance to talk to him about the Flour Fibre Company. And now there was no such company. FF was gone.

The fact was still almost incredible to Tom Gallagher. Hardly more than five weeks ago he had come back from South America with big plans for expansion of Flour Fibre. He had set up a deal with Carnuba Wax, and, when it was put through, the research men in the Flour Fibre organisation should be able to develop a new kind of insulation. He was sure that markets in the South American countries were going to open up and be profitable. He was considering tapping a new supply of vitamins down there for the food products that FF made.

But while he was away they had sold him down the river. The directors of Flour Fibre had decided to sell the company, lock, stock, and barrel, to Globe World Products, that immensely rich corporation which had begun as a meat-packing industry and now made its biggest profits in dozens of sidelines. In a few days Flour Fibre would cease to exist. Its patents and

operations and best technicians would be swallowed up by Globe.

I couldn't stop them, thought Tom. I was nothing but the vice-president in charge of production. I was just a hired man, though I built up the company until it went from 20 to 50 on the Midwest Exchange. It would have been on the big board in a few more years, but Cyrus Low wanted to spend his time in Florida worrying about his health and playing the races. He needed a pocketful of money for that, so he got them to liquidate the company. He wanted a soft job for Cyrus, jun., too, and he knew that, if I ever became president of FF, his son wouldn't be built up. So he fixed the deal with Globe so that young Cy, who isn't young any more and never was bright, has his name on a door and a place on the board of directors. And what did the old man care about anyone else?

His own violent protests still spun around in Tom Gallagher's mind. No one listened to them except himself, but he had lived with them night and day ever since the news had been broken to him by Cyrus Low in his pontifical manner.

"But that's murder, Mr. Low," Tom had exploded, "the company would lose all identity. FF won't even be a division of Globe! It would disappear!"

"It's a good financial deal for us, Tom. Our stockholders will get Globe stock in exchange for their shares of Flour Fibre."

"Why is it so good? Give FF a few more years and our stock will have more value than theirs."

"We can't be sure of anything like that. These next years may bring serious competition."

"I'll take my chance on competition. I've brought back some ideas that look good."

"Ideas take capital, Tom. And I didn't have capital, thought Tom."

Mr. Low had said, "In any case, it's an academic question now. The majority of stockholders voted to sell."

"But I didn't sit in on it!"

"Frankly, Tom, I don't think it would have made any difference."

"Couldn't they reconsider? I'd like the chance to talk to the directors about this. If I could put some things up to them—"

"We're committed," said Mr. Low decisively. "And I think it will work out for the best all around. I believe Globe will take care of you, Tom." But he said that last without conviction and Tom blew up again.

"They wouldn't want me and if they did I wouldn't work for them. I'm not that kind of a robot."

Mr. Low told him, "You're taking this too personally, Tom."

"Mergers constantly occur in industry. They're part of our economic system. Changes like this one are signs of progress. They're larger than the interests of any individual—"

"Some changes amount to betrayal," Tom Gallagher said, breaking roughly into the homily.

That was the way he felt

## Continuing . . . THE VOYAGERS

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about it. He'd given FF everything he had to give ever since he got out of the Navy. For twelve years. It hadn't been just a job with him. He had identified himself with the company. He knew its possibilities and he had welded his ambitions for FF into his own future. He had worked sixteen hours a day when it was necessary.

He hadn't married—not even after his mother died and there was no family home left. He never seemed to have the time that he felt a wife would demand or ought to be given. He couldn't settle down, travelling as much as he did, keeping in touch with the factory in Birmingham, the laboratory in Bluefield, the sales offices in

Also, it will be some time before the news gets around that I'm going to be permanently out of the picture. That's just as well until the department is reorganised. I suggested it myself to the secretary. But how strange it is. If this hadn't happened to me, I'd be on my way to Geneva with the secretary now.

Sara Martin came into her cabin and pushed in the bolt on the door. This was better. Now she felt safe from all the activity and the gaiety that were beginning to permeate the ship. But she had a sense of guilt, too, because

being able to get away from Henry. Not even on the ocean. She felt that she could not bear to go on living if she were always to be reminded by something—by almost everything—of the false happiness which she had thought was real, of her failure to keep Henry faithful, of the desertion and divorce which she had refused to believe was the end of their relationship. But it was. She could never get Henry back now.

**S**ARA knew that her friends thought that what had happened was fortunate as far as she was concerned. She would never have to see Henry again, never be made to suffer by chance meetings with him and his new wife. She could start over. She was still young and attractive. That was what they told her or intimated when they said "you'll meet such interesting people on that cruise" and meant that she might find a husband.

But her friends did not know how it was with Sara and she could not possibly tell them. She had never talked to anyone about the break up of her marriage. For that silence many people admired her. These baskets of fruit and vases of flowers in the cabin, the orchids which some friend had carefully chosen, proved how much affection and admiration—and pity—there was for Sara.

It made her feel a hypocrite. She had not been gallant and generous as they thought. She simply had not given Henry up. He belonged to her and he would come back. The time of her defeat had been later than anyone knew except herself.

If she were to live at all she must make her life over. But how could she do it when she wanted only Henry and the old life with him? She had chosen this voyage, be-

cause it would not repeat any experience she and Henry had ever had together.

She had hoped to leave Henry behind, to be able to get cleanly away from all that had happened. But she couldn't. As she lay on the bed she was going over it again, trying to solve the injustice. Why wasn't he happy with me? Why did he want that girl? If I had refused to let him go, could we ever have loved again?

Sara thought: I didn't believe it when he told me at first. I knew, of course, that he was seeing Jiji Phelps all the time, but he was decorating her fabulous new house, so I had to put up with it. And I did, though I didn't like any of the people in her set.

I can hear him telling me now, very calmly, in that understated way. All those people he had come to know liked to make important things trivial and Henry was getting the habit.

"I'm afraid, Sara, that what I have to say may disturb you. I'm sorry, for you know I love you very much. But I feel that we've been separated mentally and emotionally for some time."

I said: "I know that. It's been worrying me terribly and I'm glad you want to talk about it. I think it's because you see so much of those people who've become your clients. I know it's profitable and gives you a chance to do beautiful things, but their kind of life isn't ours."

I was so stupid. I thought he wanted to get back the closeness we'd had when we were first married. I said: "It's fine for your career to decorate Jiji Phelps' new castle, but do you have to spend so much time with her?"

He told me then. He said: "I want to spend much more time with Jiji. We want to live together, to marry. I hope you will be generous and make it possible for us."

"You mean you're in love with Jiji?"

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New York, and the headquarters in Des Moines.

I was a fool, he told himself. They used me to build the company up and then when it was worth something they put it on the bargain counter. But at least I won't be there when the deal is announced publicly. I don't want any sympathy and I don't want any leaf-raking job with Globe. I won't be there to exhibit A, the tall guy who was squeezed out in the merger. I'll be on the Pacific Ocean, where they can't get any statement—or a whimper—out of me.

At the other end of the deck Hugh Lawrence, too, saw that the ship was out of sight of land. He thought, with wry humor, trying to mock himself, so I'm on a pleasure cruise. I never expected to take this kind of voyage. I could have flown to Sydney, but I needed the time. I wanted these two weeks at sea to readjust, to face the facts. I haven't done that yet, and I must.

It's happened to a lot of good people. Everyone was sorry, but in a case like this you can only be sorry for someone else at a distance. It's an experience that can't be shared. They did their best and fixed up this little trouble-shooter job for me in Australia so I wouldn't feel completely useless.

she had come on this cruise to find new associations, and here she was, running away from them.

Once on board the Capricorn she had expected to be a different person. She wasn't. She was the same lonely, discarded woman that she had been since Henry had left her, no matter what she pretended.

She had felt astray when she had seen that beautiful, confident actress on the top deck and embarrassed when she had forced herself to make a reservation in the dining-room. She had wanted to ask the chief steward if there was a table where she could sit by herself and hadn't had the nerve to say so.

A mimeographed sheet of paper was sliding under her door. She drew away from its crackling intrusion and then picked it up. She read that she was welcome on board the Capricorn and studied the information about the hours for meals, the location of the bar, and when to dress for dinner. She saw that all passengers were requested to attend a life boat station muster at 3.15 that afternoon.

A gong was sounding up and down the corridor. Sara guessed it was the summons to lunch. She said to herself, You must go down and meet people, you have to sooner or later. She went to the mirror and picked up a comb. Then she put it down without touching her windblown hair, because she saw that the stewardess had left another glossy florist's box on the dressing-table. She opened it and found a cluster of small pinkish-brown orchids. They were beautiful, the kind that Henry used to send her.

But orchids did not come from Henry now, and she closed the box quickly without caring who had sent them, sick with memory. She flung herself face-down on the narrow bed, panicked at not

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"Very much," he had replied quietly.

"More than you are with me?"

"It's quite different. I shall always be very fond of you, Sara."

I went wild when he said that. I said everything I could think of to shame him. I told him it was because she was rich, because he was obsessed by a beautiful house, that it was cheap infatuation, that it wouldn't last. Henry didn't say an angry word. He didn't argue or defend himself. But finally, after I'd been raving for hours, he asked: "Under these circumstances and knowing my desires, do you want me to go on living with you?"

What if I had said that I did want that? Would it have been true? I know I thought I hated Henry then. I'll never forget that dreadful question or how stripped it made me feel. I made as harsh an

answer as I could. I said: "No. I won't make any effort to keep you. Go to Jiji. You had better leave right now."

He told the lawyer I was wonderful about it. Everyone kept saying that I was so realistic, so sensible, so generous. They had no idea how I really felt. There were times when I wanted to kill them both.

I hated the people who kept telling me that these things happen all the time. This had never happened before. I couldn't have lived through it if I hadn't been so sure that Henry would come back to me—in a year, maybe sooner—I was sure that Jiji would never be able to hold him and that he would find out that he belonged to me. But

## Continuing . . . THE VOYAGERS

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now—Sara's suffering thoughts had come full circle. They kept whirling around her until exhaustion took over and she fell asleep.

A blare from the ship's whistle roused her at last. Sun was streaming into the cabin and she saw that it was fifteen minutes past three. She remembered. That was the signal for the boat drill. All the passengers were supposed to be there. Sara found her life-preserver and went out.

A notice in her room had informed her that she was to go to Station Four. It was on the uncovered upper deck where she had

seen Eve Drake that morning and gathering there now were a dozen members of the crew and a larger group of passengers. A lifeboat was swinging out over the side of the ship.

Sara stood a little apart watching the others. A woman in a mink jacket was talking to a man beside her in a high socially sure voice. She said, "You know, we'll have Eve Drake with us at this station, so if we ever do have to take to the boats we'll have lots of publicity! She's at our table, too."

The man to whom she spoke was tall and thin. There was grey in his hair, but he did not look more than forty. He was evidently a person of some importance. Sara

saw that the woman in mink wanted to keep him with her. She was trying to be very amusing. But he detached himself with a kind of experienced courtesy and went to speak to an elderly man who introduced him to his wife. Sara heard, "I want you to meet Mr. Crandall. Belle, this is Mr. Hugh Lawrence. He's with the State Department."

Hugh Lawrence's very observant glance rested on Sara for a few seconds. It did not trouble her, for it was not bold or curious. His glance accepted her with pleasure and made her feel more at ease. Then she saw another man approach, but this one stayed on the far edge of the circle. He seemed, like herself, quite unacquainted. He was handsome, but he did not look agreeable. Standing by himself almost aggressively, he lit a cigarette as if he wanted no other companion.

"This is your Captain speaking," came the announcement through the loud speakers and the voice of Captain Loft, full of authority, gave brief instructions about contingencies that almost certainly would not occur. Deck stewards modelled the lifebelts. The drill was over and now the routine of the ship was becoming established. In the card-room Mr. Lawrence and the Crandalls found a fourth acquaintance for a game of bridge. Through the window on the promenade Sara saw them settling down to it.

The orchestra began to play in the lounge and tea was being served. She saw that through the window, too, and felt as if she were pressing her face against a bakery window, for she was hungry. But she did not want to go into the lounge by herself, so she climbed again to the top deck. There Tom Gallagher was walking with his defeat on the port side.

Eve Drake was walking with her wolfhound on the starboard side. Sara passed both of them several times without getting or giving a smile.

**E**VE DRAKE saw her without interest. Other women to Eve were only members of her audience. She saw Tom Gallagher as she saw all men, as potential loven in their wishful thinking. But Eve had left lovers, potential and actual, behind her when she sailed from San Francisco. For the time she was determined not to let herself be diverted by the people she knew or even by the person she had been built up to be. She was going out to Australia to create a new image of Eve Drake.

The wind and hunger braced Sara for the coming ordeal of her first dinner with the other passengers. She was tempted to ask the stewardess to bring her meal to the cabin, but that would mean feigning sickness and she was feeling perfectly well.

When she heard the boy beating the gong at seven-thirty, Sara was ready to go down, wearing a plain dress of yellow silk which perfectly expressed informality. Henry had taught her how she should dress, given her unforgettable lessons in color and line so that Sara never made mistakes any more, as she had before she was married.

But she hesitated, marking time, not wanting to be among the first to enter the dining-room. When at length she went through its doors most of the tables were filled. She saw a balconied room, with a great mass of azaleas decorating the farthest wall. She held her assignment card in her hand and waited to be guided.

"Table one," she said to the headwaiter as he came to her. He gave a jerk of increased attention as she showed him the number on her card.

"Yes, madam," he said, "the Captain's table. This way, please."

She heard her own murmur, "Oh, no," but nobody else did. She had to follow the waiter the length of the room, with people looking at her. Now the Captain, perfectly tailored in his blues, was rising to greet her and so were the other men at the table. She heard the names, her eyes and smile moving from the Millers—did he say

To page 43



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**METHOD:** Combine evaporated milk, sugar, egg-yolks and cornflour, drop in strip of lemon peel. Cook over simmering water, stirring constantly until thickened. Remove from heat, cover and cool. Remove lemon peel and stir in vanilla. Drain apricots and reduce them to pulp. Fold into the custard mixture, pour into trays and partially freeze. Remove from trays, beat well and then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Return to trays, cover with aluminium foil and refreeze.

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## Continuing . . . THE VOYAGERS

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Vicks? — to Mr. Lawrence, she was glad he was there, to Mrs. Evans, who was the woman in mink who had laughed about Eve Drake and the lifeboat, and to Eve Drake herself, wearing that wide-eyed, somnolent look of sleeping passion which she had made famous.

The Captain seated Sara beside himself and she spoke to him with apology.

"I'm so sorry to be late. I had no idea — I mean I didn't know I was at your table."

"Just so you came it's all right," he said. "We missed you at lunch."

He smiled at her and meant it, for she was his idea of a good-looking girl. She carried herself more or less like Lucy, his wife. Captain Loft had been having a rather difficult time with Eve Drake, who was at his right. She had made up her eyes too much for his taste, and the black dress she wore had things like horns sticking up around her neck. When she spoke in that glamorous low voice she made him feel staid.

And she was not going to be much fun. She didn't smoke and refused champagne, and to his horror asked the waiter to bring her a dish of wheat germ and a banana. She explained that was her diet for three days a week. The Captain had been thinking that actresses had to do something to attract attention and that Lucy would have a great laugh when he told her about this, but it was a long way to Australia. So his welcome for Sara's charming normality and sunny yellow dress was very sincere.

At a table in the balcony Mrs. Bain said, "See that girl, Charlie — the one who just came into the dining-room? — she's at the Captain's table — she was at our boat station this afternoon — doesn't she look lovely?"

Mr. Bain was behind a decorated pillar and couldn't see and didn't care. Tom Gallagher, who had a better view, had already noticed Sara because she was in his line of vision. He, too, remembered seeing her this afternoon. She was evidently one of the fashionable, leisured crowd. Sure of herself, knows just how to do it, he thought, as he watched her speak and listen.

**S**OMETIMES he used to imagine what a woman like that could do for a man. When dining at the home of some business acquaintance — for Tom was no stranger to a dinner coat — he had felt the power as well as the charm of well-appointed and coherent domestic life. He had imagined and intended that the time would come when he would go home to a lovely woman and have guests at a table of his own.

But he wanted to make no blunder about this. He had seen that with his parents, had grown up to pity his father and not be sure whether or not to blame his mother because there was never money enough to make her happy. The money for marriage had to be there — that fact had been drummed into him when he was a boy.

Mr. Bain was speaking to him. Tom's four dinner companions, the Bains and a frail, elderly couple named Smith on their way to visit a daughter in New Zealand, had already introduced themselves. No general conversation had developed after they had exchanged a few comments on the ship, and Mr. Bain obviously was trying to break the ice.

He asked: "What line of business are you in, Mr. Gallagher?"

There it was: the inevitable question that Tom knew he would be asked by every man he met. How could he answer it without humiliation? He wasn't old enough to be retired, but he couldn't claim any line of business now. He did not know where he was going to find work or what it would be. At thirty-

five what kind of a job could he get?

He was too experienced to begin at the bottom of some new firm, competing with bright college boys ten years younger than himself. But he had no seniority except in a firm that was not going to exist any longer. He couldn't explain to this stranger that if his business hadn't been sold out from under him he would be its chief executive.

He answered in closely clipped words: "I'm interested in diversified production."

Mr. Bain nodded wisely. "It's

the coming thing. I'm a stock-broker myself and I can see the trend. You don't have all your eggs in one basket. Do you know Flour Fibre? That's a dandy little company. Worth watching."

The words were blows. Tom made no reply. He turned abruptly to the waiter and asked for a Scotch and soda. Mr. Bain got the point. He looked at Tom belligerently. So Gallagher didn't want to talk to him. Why? He'd never seen the man before. He was just trying to be civil.

Bain's forehead reddened. For himself he didn't give a damn. But if any of these people tried to insult

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Elsie, his wife, there was going to be trouble. The woman beside him gave him a quick, anxious look and said, "Let's have a bottle of champagne, darling."

The Smiths were murmuring nostalgically to each other about news in their last letter from home. Tom Gallagher said nothing more. But whenever he lifted his eyes from his plate he could not help seeing the spirited head and golden dress of that girl. The ones at that table all have it made, he thought. So would I, if I'd had a fair deal.

At the Captain's table there were also questions. Hugh Lawrence, on the other side of Sara, inquired, "What part of the country are you from, Mrs. Martin?"

"Just outside of Philadelphia,"

"I've been in Mount Airy."

"I lived in Potts Hill," said Sara.

"Oh, I know some people who live in Potts Hill," said Mrs. Evans, leaning forward to play the mutual acquaintance game. "Do you happen to know the Quinns?"

Henry had done over the Quinn house.

"I know of them," said Sara, and quickly asked Hugh Lawrence, "Will you live in Australia?"

"I don't know," he said rather slowly, "I hope to. For a little while."

Sara was glad he was beside her, but she was afraid of Mrs. Evans, who might

## Continuing . . . THE VOYAGERS

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have known Jiji, too. The story had been spread in the newspapers. How can I get away from these people? she asked herself miserably under her smile.

The Capricorn had been seven days at sea and so far Tom Gallagher had managed to keep out of its social life. He breakfasted early, as soon as the dining-room opened, and lunched casually, picking up one of the trays at the buffet that was served on deck. So it had not been necessary to talk to people during those meals. Mrs. Smith had developed a cold and stayed in bed in her cabin and her husband rarely appeared. The Bains, after that first dinner, had developed a habit of lingering over cocktails in the bar and coming into the dining-room when Tom was almost through with his dinner. The bits of conversation which they had with him were polite enough, but there were no more personal questions.

The Bains mingled in many of the activities planned by the social director of the cruise. They went to the travel talks and the bingo games and the horse-racing. But although they mingled they did not seem to mix. Separate though he himself was, Tom Gallagher was vaguely aware of that. He rather liked Mrs. Bain. He never heard her say a cross or reproachful word to her husband, even when extra cocktails made him aggressive or noisy.

Tom did not join in any of the games. He placed a bet every day with the bar steward on the length of the ship's run, but so far he had

not won any money. He had made a few casual acquaintances with a Japanese student who was usually in the swimming-pool at the same off-beat time that Tom took a plunge, and with a geographer who was circling the world for the fifth time and seemed to think in terms of pure science. Tom carefully avoided Mr. Crandall, for he

"Don't you play bridge, Mr. Gallagher?"

"Won't we see you at the Captain's cocktail party tonight?"

Tom was civil, but disappointing.

He did not want to play bridge and he went to no cocktail parties. He avoided extended conversations, even when it was necessary to take refuge in one of the dark corners of the movie theatre or to go down to his box-like

circumstances, he thought, this would really be something. And suddenly he wondered if he couldn't put all the grief behind him for a day at least. He thought, a lot of other men came here when things went sour for them.

The village of Papeete looked primitive. There were a few lanky customs and warehouse buildings flying the French flag along the wharf, and behind them, among the lush foliage, tin roofs gleamed and thatched roofs squatted. The girls holding leis on the dock seemed oddly familiar because they had been pic-

coral reefs that lay near the edge of the outer island.

Only a few were going to risk seasickness and discomfort and that suited Tom. Most of his shipmates streamed down the wharf toward the little shops or piled into the battered taxis that were lined up to take them to the beaches or local inns.

Tom felt better than he had in weeks as he started off in the other direction. It was the first time on the voyage that he had felt any sense of adventure. He remembered how he had gloated over "Treasure Island" when he was a kid. He wondered what sort of guy Bligh had really been. There was a grin on his face as he shook off the small boys who were trying to sell him strings of shells. He slipped them a few dimes and quarters, knowing that it was the wrong thing to do. But it was rather pleasant to do the wrong thing and see the boys grin back like conspirators, in delight at getting something for nothing.

As he turned to give one of them a friendly push he saw Sara Martin. She was coming down the gangplank by herself, wearing a shady hat and carrying a big bright bag. She stopped on the wharf and looked both ways. Then she called to Tom, who was the nearest person, "Which way is it to the launch for Moorea, do you know?"

"This way," he said. "Can I walk it?"

"Oh, sure," he said, "they told me it's only about a block. I'll show you."

She caught up with him.

"So you're making the trip to Moorea?" he asked.

"Yes, it's one thing I wouldn't miss for anything. I've read so much about the island."

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD

had seen that gentleman look at him once as if he were trying to remember where he had seen Tom before.

But exercise, enforced rest, and the sun, which was growing hotter every day, had softened the nervous ridges in Tom's face, destroyed the grey look of fatigue and browned him smoothly. He attracted much attention, because he was alone and because he was handsome. Some of the younger widows talked him over, watched for him and occasionally made him a project.

cabin, where the bed was too short for him and the single chair too small for comfort. He read, he tried to think it out, to reorganise himself, but plans curdled in the bitterness of his mind.

This morning the ship had glided into Tahiti, the first stop that the Capricorn had made at any of the islands. Tom had been on deck at sunrise. When he had been in the Navy he had always hoped that he would get out to the South Pacific, but it hadn't happened. Here he was at last. If it were under different cir-

cumstances, he thought, this would really be something. And suddenly he wondered if he couldn't put all the grief behind him for a day at least. He thought, a lot of other men came here when things went sour for them.

A small launch made occasional trips back and forth between Tahiti and Moorea and was available for tourists when a shipload of them came into port. But the passengers of the Capricorn had been warned that the crossing was usually rough and always unpredictable, because of the

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"It may be rough getting there," he said, "the boat isn't much, I guess. And it's not too good a day."

"You can't discourage me," she said, "they all tried. I came prepared for anything. I've a raincoat in my bag. And a sweater. Also a bathing-suit."

"You can stay over there and live with all that equipment."

"It's an idea." She looked at him and said, "Isn't it funny how on a ship you get to know people's faces so well and nothing else? I've seen you about, but I don't know your name."

"It's Gallagher. Tom Gallagher."

"I'm Sara Martin."

"Yes, I know." Tom had heard Mrs. Bain talk about "the lovely Mrs. Martin down there at the Captain's table."

THEY went along over a stretch of broken pavement. In spite of the fact that the sun couldn't make up its mind whether to show, it was hot. Something more had to be said. Tom asked if she were enjoying the cruise. It seemed a safe enough question and he expected to hear a jubilant yes.

Instead she said, after a half minute's pause, "It's different from what I expected." "You seem to be having a very good time."

"Do I?" "I mean — I've noticed that all of you at the Captain's table look as if you have a lot of fun. Aren't you enjoying it?"

"Please don't keep asking that."

"I'm sorry. Just making conversation."

"How about you? Are you having a good time?"

Fair enough. He'd asked her that same question.

"I didn't expect to have one."

"Then why did you come?"

"To get away — from things," he said vaguely.

"That's funny."

"What is?"

"That was the reason I came out to the Pacific," said Sara, wondering why she was talking so much as she went on, "well we both got away. Or did we? I hope you did, anyway. You look a whole lot better than you did that first day out when I saw you

at the boat muster. Do you mind my saying so?"

"Not at all," said Tom, but he drew back into his shell.

She knew it instantly and her manner changed. She said brightly, "That must be the boat. Thank you for showing me the way." Sara made the words a cut-off and went up the plank into the tippy little launch that seemed to balance itself badly even when it was tied up. Tom did not follow at once.

He smoked a cigarette and watched the natives and jumped on board at the last moment.

The distance to Moorea was only twelve miles, but it took an hour and a half to get there. Tom saw that Sara Martin had found a seat on one of the board benches in the stern of the launch and he stayed out of her sight. Their surprising conversation stuck in his mind disturbingly and he wished he could do it over again. He'd said the wrong thing every time he had opened his mouth. Was she putting on an act? Was that her usual line? Where were her pals today?

Soon it began to get rough and choppy. He could see a line of white breakers, then another, marking the reefs. It would be worse before they reached the bay. Several passengers were already seasick. But there loomed the island, still at a difficult distance, but visible. It looked ancient and mysterious. Some of its steep crags were dark and others were dressed in rosy clouds. She'll be glad she came to see this, thought Tom, unless she's too sick to appreciate it. Maybe I ought to see if she's all right, and if I can do anything for her. It's only decent. She's all by herself.

He moved to a point where he could see Sara. She certainly seemed all right. She was holding tightly to one of the supports as the launch pitched, but she was not ill. She was watching the island intently. The wind blew her hair back and the planes and hollows of her thin face were completely revealed and unsoftened.

She's not so young as I thought she was, Tom said to himself. I believed she was

about twenty-five, but she's older. So she wanted to get away — from some man, of course. She does look as if she's had it. As if she's taken a beating of some sort. I wonder if she's divorced or a widow. The divorced ones usually don't wear a wedding ring and there is one on her hand.

Tom had made vague plans for himself. He did not intend to hang around the inn near the landing, where most of the visitors would be sure to stop for drinks and lunch. He hoped to be able to hire some sort of car — the purser had said that there were a few on the island — and be driven to one of the more distant beaches or to some remote piece of shore where he could get the feel of the place without dis-

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Or a drawer that will not shut, Ah, they will not do it THEN.

(And the hours of preparation And the sweats and perspiration

When they start the job, but "WHEN?") So if you want to put up shelves

Or you want to fix the gate, You'd better do the job yourselves, For otherwise you'll WAIT.

—Patricia Belar

traction. As the group landed, he did not look again for Sara Martin and was annoyed to find that he wanted to do so. The girl was nothing in his life.

But she was too conspicuous not to be seen, or did he look for her after all? She was no longer alone. Several of the passengers from the Capricorn, whom Tom recognised but did not know, had joined her. There were two men and another woman, all weighed down with cameras, huge hats, and dark glasses. They were all talking at once. What caught Tom's attention was the bright, gay expression Sara Martin wore now. That was the way she looked when he watched her at the Captain's table. "We got away," she had said to him, and added, "or did we?"

One of the things that had made Tom Gallagher so useful to Flour Fibre during its development was the way he could sometimes play his hunches. As a rule, he would study a problem from every angle before making up his mind how to proceed. But once in a while he would seem to match needs and possibilities by instinct, and, almost before a decision about them had registered in his mind, he would be acting on it.

He was doing that when, a few minutes later, he approached the group with Sara. Giving her companions a very impersonal greeting, he said to her, "I did get a car and a driver. He'll take us over the island right away if you still want to go."

"Oh, yes, I do," said Sara and, quickly to the others, "I'll see you all later."

It was a very old dilapidated car, unsheltered except for a torn curtain flapping across the back. Tom helped

Sara to get in and gave a go-ahead to the native driver in French. Then he looked at her with the same conspirator's grin that he had given the little boys that morning.

He said, "I thought from a remark you made when we were walking over to the launch that maybe you didn't come over here to see more of your fellow shipmates."

"I shall never know how to thank you," said Sara simply.

"And I'm easy to get rid of. What I thought was that we might take a little drive and then you can drop me off somewhere on the shore. They told me that this driver is very reliable and also that there's a place at Opunohu Bay where you can get lunch. He'll stay by and take you back to the inn here for dinner and to see the dances before the launch leaves for Papeete tonight."

"I can't take your car," said Sara, "you drop me somewhere. I'd like to roam around."

"A girl shouldn't do much roaming around a strange island without a guide and transportation."

"Then can't we share the lovely buggy? No — of course not. It would spoil your day. I know you want to be alone. Better let me out here. If I walk back slowly I can escape the crowd."

BUT Tom protested, "Please, you don't want to go back. If you don't mind my going along with you it's probably better if I do. Then I can make sure that this boy is as reliable as advertised. And don't talk about spoiling anything for me. This is the first good day I've had in some time."

"Because you like Moorea?"

"Not just that. As a matter of fact it's because I decided this morning to put some things out of my mind for this one day. I thought I'd pretend for a few hours that certain things hadn't happened. That I'd act as if I still am the person I was — or thought I was — not so long ago."

"But can you do that?"

"Oh, I didn't commit any crime," he said, thinking that he had frightened her, "I had a run of bad luck. A raw deal. My business went to pieces."

"And you can pretend it hasn't happened?"

"I've managed since sunrise."

"It's a wonderful idea. To pretend to be the way you were. How I wish I could do that." Her wish was yearning.

"I should think you'd be satisfied to be the way you are," said Tom, "you have everyone on the ship eating out of your hand."

"Don't!" exclaimed Sara with tense earnestness. "Listen. There's nothing I would like more than to be the way I used to be. When I wasn't bitter. When I didn't hate anybody. When I trusted — people."

"You can carry that too far," said Tom, "on occasion."

"I know that now. Tom," she faced him and smiled, not with the gay, social smile he had seen before but with one that seemed lit for him personally, "let's both of us pretend for the whole day. If you can forget whatever your raw deal was I'm going to forget what happened to me. We won't say a word or even think about those things. Look — now I'm the way I used



to be. And so are you. You aren't angry and remote and anti-social. You are a very interesting, friendly man. Great fun to be with. And successful, I know."

"Sure I've quite a future ahead of me. All right, here we go. You're not a society girl who likes to be queen bee, who works at getting admiration and being popular —"

"Heavens, no! I love a few people, but it's always an effort out in our company — low-cost nutrition — a single serving of some of them gives all the protein and vitamins that anyone needs for a day and costs only a few cents. You can sprinkle the stuff on food that needs boosting. These native look picturesque, but the girls are old at twenty and you don't see many really old folks. They're underfed, especially in the bad seasons. The sort of thing I'm talking about could be shipped to all these islands and places where food supplies are limited. It would make a big difference in mortality and length of life."

Tom said, "And you like to swim?"

"I adore it."

"Let's find a beach and have a swim before lunch."

The beach they found was trimmed with palms and breadfruit trees. Tom said he would give her ten minutes to change. He went off with the driver and came back wearing his own swimming trunks. They waded out toward the surf and it was fantastic to have a whole ocean to themselves. She shouted that to him, for the waves were noisy, and he shouted back that he knew what got into beachcombers. Then they dived into the breakers and did not come out until they were breathless.

They were easy companions now and sat on the beach resting.

"You're certainly a good swimmer," he said.

"We always were like fish," said Sara, "there was a beach only a few miles from where we lived and —"

She stopped because if she went on she would think of what she was deliberately forgetting. The first time she had seen Jiji was on that beach. Tom guessed at the reason she fell silent. He wondered what the husband had done. She certainly was still in love with him, no matter what had happened. She'll be able to get him back if she wants him, thought Tom. He won't find

anything better than this girl.

Lunch in the recommended place was so bad that it was funny. They settled for french bread, guavas, a tasteless cheese, and plenty of rum. The fish and bits of pork looked dangerous.

Tom said with a grimace at the food, "This would be the right market for our multipurpose foods."

"What are they?"

"They're new products we turn out in our company — low-cost nutrition — a single serving of some of them gives all the protein and vitamins that anyone needs for a day and costs only a few cents. You can sprinkle the stuff on food that needs boosting. These native look picturesque, but the girls are old at twenty and you don't see many really old folks. They're underfed, especially in the bad seasons. The sort of thing I'm talking about could be shipped to all these islands and places where food supplies are limited. It would make a big difference in mortality and length of life."

"Why don't you try to get that started?"

"I was going to —" he broke that off. Not today.

In the afternoon the car had a flat tyre. While the driver was lazily patching it, Tom and Sara explored, visiting the native houses in a clearing nearby. Tom inspected the roofs of the shelters.

He said as they left, "That thatch is full of rats. They ought to roof those huts. We have a cheap roofing that has a kind of built-in insulation. If they had that, they'd sleep dry."

"You have lots of interesting ideas, Tom."

"We deal in ideas." The spark in him went dead with futility as he said that. He flicked it on again. He told Sara about Flour Fibre.

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## HAZEL . . . . . by Ted Key



"Long flight?"

Hazel can be seen on Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Mondays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.

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products as if he were still an executive.

The car was fixed at last and labored along. Then came the sunset. As its magnificence began, Sara said, "Thank heaven we don't have to describe it."

"Nobility could," she said, "Henry could," she said, "it takes an artist. They see things we don't."

She has him on her mind every minute, thought Tom. That husband of hers would be a fool to let her get away. That was what she had said — did she mean that she wanted to get away from her husband? He felt the pleasant excitement of interest in her. It was weeks since he had been interested in anyone except himself.

It was almost dark when they got back to the inn, and, though the tourists were milling around, Tom found a quiet corner on one of the open porches where they dined. The innkeepers gave a native dinner and banana leaves formed an under-tablecloth as smooth as damask.

Later they watched the dancers coming out of the shadows. They gave a rainbow, rhythmic show based on human temptation, and it lasted until the time had come to board the launch and go back to the ship. Some of the native singers crossed with them and sang all the way, plaintively, persistently, in a sweet monotonous wail of desire.

The launch rolled and rocked worse than before.

"Are you all right, Sara?"

"Oh, yes. This is really dreamy. It's wonderful."

HE felt the same way. But don't get any ideas, Tom told himself. This girl is in love with the man she married. And even if she weren't you've got nothing to offer a woman now, no security. It will take years to get back where you were. If you ever can.

They picked their way back to the ship over the broken pavement. A single arc light lit a scene which no longer was one of beauty. There was the dingy dock with boxes and barrels stacked here and there, a pile of plumbing fixtures in an untidy heap, and a few old, dirty native women still stubbornly braced against the posts trying to sell their shells.

"Want a string, Sara?" he asked, delaying the end of it.

"I'd love one. A souvenir." He offered a necklace of white coral for a dollar, the best one that was left. They chose it together and she tossed it over her neck.

"I'd better go on board, I suppose," said Sara, "we get mail here, don't we? The planes fly it in."

They'll fly in newspapers, too, thought Tom. There may be an announcement about FF and the merger by this time. The spell of the day dissolved. He could pretend no longer that it wasn't true.

"I'll stay out here a little longer, I think," he said. "Goodnight. And thank you."

"I'm the one to be saying

## Continuing . . . THE VOYAGERS

from page 46

that. I'm very grateful for everything. And I do hope that you'll enjoy the rest of the cruise."

"I've had my day off. You can't keep your head in the sand. I mean I can't. It's different with you, with a woman. I don't know what your problem is, Sara, and you have your own friends to advise you. But my guess is that things are going to come out all right for you. I really believe that."

"No, they won't," she said, "they can't."

"Don't take that attitude. Give it another chance. You'll probably think my saying this is uncalled for, but every time you mention your husband's name it's obvious how much you care for him. He probably feels the same way."

Her voice had hardened, was almost sharp.

"You don't understand," said Sara, "my husband is dead."

A copy of a leading financial journal which was less than two days old by the time it reached Tahiti by air was placed in the ship's library as soon as the Capricorn sailed away from the island. It was very welcome to men of affairs who had been out of touch with business news for a week, except for the brief market report which came in daily over the radio.

Mr. C. E. Bain got hold of it at once. As he read the leading article on the second page his forehead lifted in surprise and his concentration deepened. He looked up from the paper as if he wanted to say something and realised that the man in the next armchair was Wells Crandall.

"Do you want to see the Journal?" asked Mr. Bain.

"When you're through, sir." "I shall be immediately. Interesting news here. There's quite a story about Globe's absorbing Flour Fibre. I didn't know about that."

Mr. Crandall accepted that with a non-committal nod, but C. E. Bain wanted to talk. He said, lowering the paper again, "It makes me feel sort of foolish. I think I may have put my foot in it here on board the ship. There's a man called Gallagher at the same table with my wife and myself, and I didn't connect him with Flour Fibre. It mentions someone called Thomas Gallagher here as the original promoter of FF, but he isn't going with Globe. I suppose they froze him out. The thing is that I asked Gallagher what his line of business was. Just to be friendly. He said it was diversified products and then shut up like a clam. Wouldn't talk. I believe it's the same fellow. He's quite a sour-puss."

"Quite understandable," said Wells Crandall. "Oh, yes." He didn't explain what he was agreeing with, but there was a gleam of interest in his experienced eyes. He might be fitting together a vaguely familiar face and the circumstances under which he had seen it.

"Of course, if I'd realised who he was," said Bain.

"Of course," said Wells Crandall. It was not conversation.

Mr. Bain thumbed over the remaining pages of the paper, but they did not hold his interest for long.

"Here you are, sir. I think my wife may be looking for me."

He wanted to tell her the

news about Tom Gallagher, but on his way to their cabin he decided to stop in at the bar for a quick one, and there he found another passenger to listen to the story.

The ship was heading now for New Zealand, where its stop would be a brief one on this run. Then it would cross the Tasman Sea and after three days more be in an Australian port. I have only ten days more, Eve Drake told herself. She was studying a script in the parlor of her suite, reading parts of it aloud and dramatically. She wasn't satisfied. She tried it over and then flung the bound sheets on the sofa in frustration. The great wolfhound, who was allowed in her cabin during the afternoon by special permission, raised his head and looked at her with sad, narrow eyes.

"I don't feel it, Boris," Eve said to the dog desperately. "I'm not getting it!"

She had to get it. It was necessary to play this part not only well but with superb understanding. She had begged to do this picture, finally overcome the reluctance of those who doubted that she could. But Eve knew that she must prove she could do a role that had stature or she would never get anything but the siren roles

which had made her reputation. Younger and more beautiful sirens were coming along.

She must show her public that she could do more, that she could suffer and sacrifice. If she wanted to last much longer.

The story that she had taken the ship for a rest cure was only publicity. She had wanted the time at sea to study this part and to begin

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## FROM THE BIBLE

● "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

—2 Corinthians 3.17.

The much-sought-after quality, liberty, is to be found in such an unexpected place, in Christ, says St. Paul.

\*\*\*\*\*

to live it before she had to act it.

"Just give me a couple of weeks on the ocean to work on it," she had said, feeling very confident then. "I don't want anyone to go along with me, except Boris. Not even a maid. No—not Max, either—not until I get into this new part."

So it had been arranged, for Eve was still a valuable property and could make her own conditions. The trip had been publicised to good advantage. But she had been on the ocean now for more than a week and she was beginning to be frightened. She was too good an actress not to know the feeling of identification with a character she was portraying. The time always came when she was partly herself and partly the character, and acting came almost hypnotically out of feeling.

It hadn't happened with this new role. She picked up the script again and read the author's description of the woman she wanted to be—"under the poised, serene front she offers to the world there is suffering, which is intellectual as well as emotional, and that shows through now and then in a glance, a gesture—"

Eve tried a bit of the dialogue again. It wasn't right. The siren kept coming through, the woman who was sure to get what she wanted and knew how to do it. The character in the script was not like that. She would let the man go rather than play tricks, thought Eve. Yet she is mad for him. She's a good girl in love with a charming, corrupted man. She's capable of tremendous feeling—the action in the second act must show that—full of unsatisfied desire.

She closed her eyes, trying to imagine how unsatisfied desire felt—but Eve could not

remember a time when she had felt it, at least not for long and never hopelessly. Men always wanted her more than she wanted them. Her unsatisfied desire was for her career, for this part. She must put it over.

It was a mistake to take this ship, she said to herself restlessly. It's so dull that it's taking the life out of me. The same monotonous ocean flapping about day after day, the same stupid people at the table. The Millers are crackpots about his panel shows—nothing else exists for them—and the Vicks pair look like the horses they love so much. The Evans' are the original name-droppers, though I've never heard of any of the people they talk about.

There's one thing about the Lawrence man, he could play a good spy part with those smooth international manners of his. The Captain is as dull as ditch-water, and the Martin woman is a good-looking clothes-horse. Looking for another husband, I suppose.

I'll go crazy if I have to spend ten more days with those people. I'll skip dinner tonight, have a tray sent up. No, I'll certainly go mad if I stay here trying to make this script come to life. Someone asked me to a cocktail party before dinner. The Evans'. All those cocktail parties are so alike that I want to scream. There's not a man worth a second look at any of them.

To be concluded  
(c) Margaret Culkin Banning  
1963.

## Continuing . . . ALL THE ANSWERS AREN'T IN BOOKS

from page 27

thing in common—intellectually, that is—and I was so scared. You were talking Latin, too, so I pulled at your sleeve to get your attention, and when you looked down at me I said 'Say something I'll understand.'

"Did I?" he asked gently. "You said, 'Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon'."

He kissed me on the top of my head. "I wouldn't really have answered you like that."

"Wouldn't you?" I said.

"Of course not." I snuggled up to him. "I still can't believe we're on our honeymoon. How did it all begin?"

"The term 'honeymoon,' Ralph said with another yawn, "stems from a custom of early Teuton couples, who went off by themselves for the first moon—or month—of marriage and drank mead, a honey drink. Is that a sensible enough answer for you?"

"It's not the kind I was looking for, but never mind. Go back to sleep."

He did, but I couldn't. I stared out at the moon, thinking that it would take more than Ralph to explain how someone like him, with a B.A., an M.A., and a Ph.D., came to be on a honeymoon with someone like me, who had been lucky to get through high school.

It wasn't that my grades had been so bad. Actually, I made a pretty good average, and the teachers were after me to go on to the State University after graduation. I mentioned the idea to my Uncle Frank. He thought it was funny enough to be on television, though he wasn't laughing when he said: "I was nice enough to let you mess around with this school foolishness till now, Julie, even though the law would have allowed you to leave at sixteen to give me a hand in the store. Ain't that so?"

"Not exactly," I said. "The law doesn't mention a word about giving you a hand in the store."

He wanted to know if that was the kind of smart answer I learned in school, along with stuffing my head full of useless information. I don't want to sound mean, but my Uncle Frank is the kind of man whose funeral people will go to just to make sure he's dead. He never got tired of telling everyone how he had raised his poor brother's orphan. It made a good story, especially the part he left out—about the general store all bought and paid for, which had been part of the package.

Since he didn't give me any choice, I went to work in the store, but every day instead of just after school and Saturday. I stuck it out for about a year until Walter Gallow came in to buy some grain. He owned his own truck and was Uncle Frank's idea of a good catch. Walter leered over the counter and said, "Doll, baby, what's a zebra?"

I'm pretty fond of riddles, so I answered, "I don't know. What's a zebra?"

"Twenty-five sizes larger than an A bra." He roared laughing, slapping his thigh. "Get it? A bra? Z bra?"

RIGHT then and there I decided I could do better than Walter, Uncle Frank, and Bay View, Illinois, so I pawned a gold watch and a few other things that had belonged to my father, borrowed the rest of the money I needed, and went to New York.

The only job I could get at first was in a nightclub on Forty-fourth Street. That job lasted until the owner invited me over to his table for a

drink after the show one night and said, "Doll, baby, what's a zebra?"

I didn't answer. "It's twenty-five sizes larger than an A bra," he said, and patted my hand.

I hadn't come all the way from Bay View just for that, so I left.

I left for another reason, too. I wanted to get a day job so I could put my nights to better use than standing around dressed in costumes that would have shocked my mother, who had been the town librarian.

"The Rag Business," which is what they call the garment industry, can always use girls with the right measurements to model dresses for out-of-town buyers. I happened to have the right measurements.

That was an easier job, and I was even beginning to like it until the top salesman took me to lunch one day and said, "Doll, baby, what's a—"

"It's a horse wearing pyjamas," I snapped. "And save your breath. I know the other answer, too."

He looked disappointed.

"I'll ask you this instead then: What are you doing tonight?"

"Going to City College," I told him. "I go every night. Tonight I'm beginning 'An Analysis of Shakespeare's Plays.'"

He bit into a sour pickle and said, "What's the matter—you some kind of a nut or something?"

"Thanks for the lunch," I said sweetly. "Did you know that the sandwich was named after the Earl of Sandwich?" Somehow I had the feeling this sandwich I'd be invited to have with him.

I told him how much I had enjoyed the hour.

"This story of star-crossed lovers," he said, "is one of Shakespeare's tenderest dramas."

"Oh, I agree," I said, but I was busy thinking how handsome he was to be so smart.

"I hope you'll enjoy future lectures as much, Miss Hobbs."

"Juliet Hobbs."

"That's a coincidence."

"Not really," I informed him. "My mother liked Shakespeare, too."

That's when he invited me for coffee. By the time we had finished I was almost in love with him, so I was taking a big chance when I popped the important question: "What's a zebra?"

HE looked surprised. "Why, that's the name for the African mammals of the equine tribe. A zebra is striped, stands about four feet at the shoulder, and—"

"That's all I wanted to know," I said happily. I had come to New York to do better and at last I had!

So there I was after a short honeymoon on the way to Boston to meet my husband's family, and I didn't know any more now than I did before about anthropology, astronomy, nuclear physics, or Einstein's Theory. As I said earlier I did learn a few other things, and one of them was that Ralph had been practically engaged to a girl named Priscilla. That bit of information I could have done without.

Ralph's family lived in an old house on lower Commonwealth Avenue, close to the Public Gardens. The reception we got was, I admit, even warmer than the day. My mother-in-law put her arm around me and said, "What you're as lovely as your name, Juliet."

I told her nervously, "My mother liked Shakespeare. When my father-in-law kissed me I added, 'She was the town librarian.'"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 23, 1961

## Be Free from Facial Hairs

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"Where's Henry?" Ralph asked. "I want him to meet his new sister."

"He locked himself in the library," Mrs. Stockwell said apologetically. "He's figuring out his next chess move."

"Henry," Mr. Stockwell explained, "has been playing a game with the chess champion of Sweden for over a year."

"I wasn't quite sure I heard right," Sweden?"

"They do it by mail," Ralph explained. He picked up our suitcases and started upstairs. "Come on, darling," he said, "I'll show you to the bridal suite. It used to be my room."

"Then come down for lunch," his mother said. "I want to hear all about your family, dear, and how large a one you and Ralph want."

His father said, "Lucy, can't you tell your brother about the girl? Don't you want her to like us?"

Once we were upstairs I said, "Why, they're nice!"

"Didn't you expect them to be?" Ralph asked, looking around at his old room, which had been done over in chintz and filled with flowers.

"I really didn't expect to like them at all," I admitted honestly. "They have a lot more money than people I'm used to and a lot more education."

He spun me around. "Why, Julie," he said, sounding disappointed. "I didn't think you were a snob."

I leaned my head against his shirt front, and for a minute he held me close.

"Your little brother is probably nice, too," I murmured. "He's a good kid."

"Fourteen—isn't that what you told me? He must be pretty smart if he plays chess and everything."

"He's a freshman at Harvard," I told you that, too, didn't I?"

"No," I said slowly, "you must have overlooked that little detail." I pushed him away. "Go downstairs. I'll join you in a few minutes."

Alone, I put on fresh lipstick and combed my hair before the mirror. No wonder Mr. Stockwell had said I was embarrassed; after our long drive in Ralph's open convertible I had quite a sunburn. But I liked having Mr. Stockwell think I had blushed at the mere idea of having a family. It had probably helped me make a good impression.

They were all waiting for me in what they called the parlor. I heard Mrs. Stockwell say, "Really, Ralph, I don't see how you could have made a mistake like that!" She sounded upset, and I was sure she was referring to me. "It's inexcusable," Mr. Stockwell agreed. He sounded annoyed.

I felt sick inside, and was about to run up the stairs again when I heard Ralph's voice.

"Did I say that Becquerel's observation concerning uranium that led to the discovery of radioactivity was in 1906? No, of course not—you're right. It was in 1896."

I almost fainted from relief. If Becquerel, whoever he was, had been there I would have kissed him.

"Never mind, dear," Ralph's mother said. "It's all the excitement of being a bridegroom."

"You're Juliet, aren't you?" another voice said, but this one was at my elbow. I jumped and looked down.

It was like looking into a trick mirror. What I saw was Ralph, only a much shorter and wider Ralph.

"You must be Henry," I said warmly, holding out my hand. "Do you mind if I call you Hank?"

"As a matter of fact, I do," Henry said. "I dislike diminutives."

## Continuing . . . ALL THE ANSWERS AREN'T IN BOOKS

from page 48

"Oh," I said, and decided on the spot I wasn't going to like this smart-aleck kid. "I was sure you'd be very skinny and studious looking."

"Never form preconceived notions of people," Henry advised me. "When you meet them you're usually disappointed."

"And I also was sure that you'd wear glasses."

"I do," he said crisply. "Contact lenses. I'd be glad to pop them out and demonstrate the principle on which they work."

"Not now," Mrs. Stockwell said, and I realised they all had been listening to us. "Lunch is ready."

"Did you expect such an attractive sister-in-law?" Ralph asked his brother as he led me toward the dining-room.

"He didn't expect anything at all," I answered quickly to protect myself. "Henry doesn't

"That's what you always said," Henry reminded him.

At that point the maid brought in the special dessert. It was a Boston cream pie, and the whipped cream spelled out: "Juliet and Ralph."

It looked wonderful. It was a shame I had no appetite.

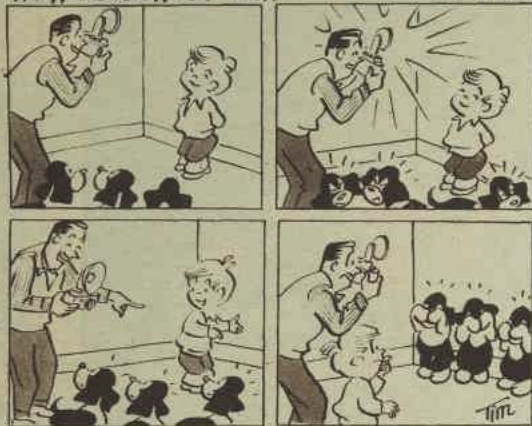
I STILL hadn't worked up any by the time dinner and Priscilla rolled around.

She may have been a mental giant, but in a tight-fitting sheath it didn't show. We were the same height, but she had a cute trick of looking at me as if she were really looking down. Her hair was very dark, and she brushed it under and let it fall loosely on her shoulders.

### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



believe in forming preconceived notions of people."

"Touche," my brother-in-law said.

I was too nervous to have much of an appetite, but Henry's more than made up for mine. "I suppose," he said, taking a generous third helping of everything, "that you're a mental giant. Ralph always went for mental giants—like Priscilla."

"No," I said uncomfortably. "I'm far from a mental giant."

"What did you and Ralph do on your honeymoon?" he asked.

"That's enough," Ralph ordered good-naturedly, and Mrs. Stockwell said, "We're having a special dessert in your honor, Juliet."

"Ralph and Priscilla," Henry continued undaunted, "would have spent their time discussing Plato. Incidentally, I've invited her to dinner."

SOMETHING got caught in my throat and wouldn't go down. I had heard of people choking to death on a chicken bone, but never on mashed potatoes.

I lunged for my water glass and took a long swallow.

"Did you really?" Ralph asked. I couldn't help noticing that he sounded pleased.

"Really, Henry," Mrs. Stockwell said, "you might have told me."

"I intended to, Mother, but the airmail letter came from Sweden and I had to work out my next move." He grinned at me. "I wonder if you'll be as crazy about Priscilla as Ralph was."

Little monster, I thought. "I'm sure you'll like her," Ralph said. "She's really a wonderful girl."

There was one of them holding a huge silver cup they had been awarded as tie winners in a Massachusetts spelling bee, one of her congratulating him on a prize-winning essay, one of him congratulating her on getting a scholarship to Radcliffe. Toward the end of the album there were snapshots of the two of them taken on the beach at Cape Cod, and in a bathing suit Priscilla didn't look as if she even knew how to spell.

Finally she closed the album with a bang and said, "Everybody expected Ralph to marry me. Including me."

"I'm sorry," I said, because I didn't know what else to say. It wasn't true, of course. I wasn't a bit sorry. "How long do you expect to hold on to him?" she demanded.

"I hope," I answered quietly, "to always hold on to him."

"Don't split infinitives," Priscilla said with a smile. "Ralph hates it."

That did it. "It's late," I said. "Thanks for the tea. I'd better go." But I couldn't go. My hostess was blocking the front door.

"It can't last," she warned me. "I hope you're smart enough to know that. What possible intellectual stimulation can you offer Ralph once this superficial physical attraction wears off? It will wear off in time. And I'll be waiting."

I shrugged. "That's up to you. But if in a few years you find that you've been waiting for nothing you can always marry Henry."

"Henry?"

"Yes," I said. "From the way he talks about you he's had a crush on you for years."

The dark, well-shaped eyebrows lifted in surprise. "Really? Why, the little dear—to hide it all this time..."

When I got back to the house on Commonwealth Avenue I lied and told Ralph I had enjoyed the afternoon.

"I knew you'd like Priscilla once you got to know her," he said. "Isn't she great?"

I gave him a sick smile and thought: What if she's right? What if I won't be able to hold him?

A few nights later Priscilla came to visit again. It was pretty obvious to me, at least, that she had decided not to wait any longer than necessary to get Ralph back. Little by little she drew him into conversation that could only do one of two things: show me up or leave me out.

I decided it was better to be left out; so when nobody was looking I slipped away quietly, convinced that no one, especially my husband, would even notice I had gone. The four of them—Ralph, Priscilla, Mr. and Mrs. Stockwell—were deep in a discussion of existentialism.

I suppose I could have learned something if I had stayed, but I needed to be alone for a little while, to cry if I felt like it—and I felt like it. The library was a pleasant kind of room, filled with vases of fresh flowers and the nice, musty odor of old books. Henry's chess table was set up before the fireplace, and I found him studying the board.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't know anyone was here." I turned to go.

"Don't leave on my account," he said, and offered me the straight-backed chair opposite. "What's the matter? Priscilla getting your goat?"

"Do you care?" I snapped. "Sure I do. I didn't plan on this. I invited her over that first night to get her goat. I wanted her to see

## AS I READ THE STARS

By Elsa Murray: Week starting Jan. 16



### ARIES

MAR. 21-APR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Gambling colors, orange, blue.  
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ There's nothing dull about this week for you. Monday is the best day to carry out important plans. Otherwise stay put and sit tight. Watch your health.



### TAURUS

APR. 21-MAY 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Gambling colors, orange, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.

★ An eventful week, anything can happen. Your ruling planet plays a hectic busy role. Caution is the keynote, since influences are mainly adverse.



### GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21  
★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Gambling colors, black, pink.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ This week should satisfy your craving for novelty. An emotional storm may lead to a definite break, but there are elements of stability. Be prudent.



### CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Gambling colors, green, black.  
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

★ Not a romantic time—but it could be a memorable one. Your ideas could be fundamentally changed. There are accident risks. Watch health.



### LEO

JULY 23-AUG. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Gambling colors, black, pink.  
★ Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.

★ A mixed week, mainly adverse. Guard against fire and theft. Love and luck are in unhappy vibrations. Weekend is the danger point, romantically.



### VIRGO

AUG. 23-SEPT. 23  
★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Gambling colors, turquoise, black.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ Don't form new ties this week, and weigh the pros and cons of any new venture. It could prove a time of great changes. Romance is favored.



### LIBRA

SEPT. 24-OCT. 23  
★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Gambling colors, gold, blue.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ A troubled week in which Libra plays the star role. You will need all your sense of balance. Rashness could involve you in employment problems.



### SCORPIO

OCT. 24-NOV. 23  
★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Gambling colors, green, cerise.  
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

★ Not a good week for romance. There could be a parting of the ways, with a chance of reconciliation, or a "moment of truth" with one close to you.



### SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23-DEC. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Gambling colors, black, rose.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ An uneventful week romantically, but surprising things could happen. Your life could be subject to critical changes, but there is help from a friend.



### CAPRICORN

DEC. 21-JAN. 19  
★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Gambling colors, brown, pink.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ Whatever you say or write this week could shape future events. You are on a see-saw of romance—unexpected adventures, and a few trouble spots.



### AQUARIUS

JAN. 20-FEB. 19  
★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Gambling colors, navy, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ You will have more frustration and delay before a new and more progressive chapter opens, there could be a broken friendship—and reconciliation.



### PISCES

FEB. 20-MAR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Gambling colors, green, violet.  
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

★ Don't force personal issues, because your prestige and relations with people and the world at large are under stress. A friend in authority will help.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary—a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Ralph married to someone else and burn up. I thought it would be fun."

I dropped, dazed, into the chair he had offered. "I thought you were crazy about Priscilla."

HE fingered an ivory chessman, seemed about to move it, then changed his mind. "I can't stand Priscilla," he said. "She's got a mind like a steel trap and a disposition to match. The truth is, I don't care for brilliant women." He decided to move the chessman after all. "But I like you."

"Thanks," I said, not sure he meant it as a compliment. "I don't like stupid women, either," he said. "Some day I'd like to meet one with intellectual curiosity and superior measurements—just the way Ralph did."

That time I knew he meant it as a compliment. I beamed at him. "And I thought you didn't like me."

He looked puzzled. "What gave you that idea?"

"The first time we met... all those references to Priscilla... telling me how Ralph had almost married her..."

"It's true, and I wanted him to see you two together so he'd realise what a terrible mistake he almost made."

"If that was your big idea," I told him, "I've got news for you, little brother. It's backfired. Ralph is beginning to think he made a mistake, all right—but Priscilla isn't it."

He contemplated the chessboard again and then looked

back at me. "I don't usually make wrong moves," he said. "But I'm very much afraid I've set this up so that our opponent is in a position to take the knight and knock out the queen. However," he continued, "a rather ingenious plan of attack has just occurred to me. Do you trust me?"

"I don't know why I should," I said, but I did. We even shook hands across the table. I was feeling better already.

"I couldn't help noticing," he said, "that you seem to feel inferior in the face of Priscilla's greater show of knowledge."

"She makes me feel like a dope."

"It's exactly her purpose. Now, then—" he rubbed the palms of his hands together thoughtfully. "She's invited herself for dinner tomorrow. Why couldn't you stagger everyone present with your tremendous fund of knowledge?"

"Simply because I don't happen to have one," I said.

"That's where I come in. I could coach you. Then, while we're having our after-dinner coffee, I could cleverly lead you into giving a few answers that will—" he jumped a chessman across the green-and-buff board—"successfully knock out your opponent."

"Would you, Henry?" I asked gratefully, wondering at the same time why I had not noticed before what a nice boy he was.

To page 50



"My pleasure," he answered. "And much as I dislike diminutives, if you really want to, you may call me Hank."

Just then the library door opened. Ralph had come looking for me. "Priscilla's leaving," he said. "Don't you want to say good-bye to her?"

"I'd love to," I said with feeling, and saw Hank grinning at me. "What were you doing in here, anyway?" Ralph asked.

"Your brother and I were just getting acquainted," I told him. "We haven't spent nearly enough time together."

The next afternoon Hank and I locked ourselves in the library and rehearsed for our performance later on that evening. By the time I went up to dress for dinner I was letter-perfect.

Priscilla, as usual, led the conversation during dinner, and then we went into the other room for coffee.

## Continuing . . . ALL THE ANSWERS AREN'T IN BOOKS

from page 49

Ralph and his father lighted up pipes; Mrs. Stockwell settled herself in her big wing chair near the window that looked out on Commonwealth Avenue. Priscilla was set to make an after-dinner speech when Hank beat her to it.

"I was re-reading 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse' just the other day . . ." he began.

It was my cue and I picked it up immediately. "They're four of my favorite characters," I said enthusiastically just as Hank had instructed me. "I don't know which I like best—Athos, Porthos, Aramis, or D'Artagnan."

I had hoped Priscilla would be

mildly impressed. I didn't expect her to gasp with laughter.

"Everybody!" she shrieked. "Did you hear that? She's confused 'The Three Musketeers' with 'The Four'—Oh, I can't stand it!"

I felt my sunburn getting redder. Henry had made me repeat those names until he was satisfied. The only thing I could figure out was that I had been so nervous to get them right that I had got them very wrong. Even Mrs. Stockwell looked embarrassed for me.

"This coffee," she murmured, "is terribly strong tonight."

Ralph and his father puffed on their pipes and didn't say anything.

"It's not important," I heard Hank say. "By the way, I have a ticket for Symphony Hall next week. The Boston Symphony is devoting the whole programme to Brahms."

I was determined to redeem myself. "Are they going to play his Eroica?" I inquired politely. "His Symphony Number Three in E Flat?"

Priscilla laughed almost as loud as she had the first time. "That's Beethoven, Julie," she said patiently. She turned to the others. "Isn't she

a riot? Such a fund of misinformation!"

I bit my lip. Was it possible to get two answers so wrong after such careful rehearsing?

"I mailed my next chess move to my opponent in Sweden," Hank said, as if tactfully changing the subject.

"Sweden," I said, and stole myself. "I wonder who they'll give the Pulitzer Prize to this year."

"You mean the Nobel Prize, darling," Priscilla said almost wearily. She didn't seem amused any more, just bored.

Exactly the way Ralph must feel too, I thought.

"Honestly, Julie," Priscilla went on gaily, "a few months of living with you and poor Ralph will forget everything he ever knew."

That was exactly what I had been thinking. I got up and ran out of the room. In the library I made a dive for the big leather chair, stuffed a handkerchief into my mouth, and tried to keep from crying out loud.

I wasn't crying because I had made a fool of myself, though that was bad enough. I was really crying because Henry had deliberately led me to it. He had deliberately given me all the wrong numbers. And I had thought he liked me.

A few minutes later he came strolling into the room, looking extremely pleased with himself.

"You," I said furiously, "are one little egghead I'd like to scramble."

"It worked out just the way I thought it would," he said.

"I hope you're satisfied!"

"Oh, I am," he grinned. "Congratulations on being such a good pupil. You gave all the wrong answers."

I looked around for something to throw at him. There was an oversized dictionary on the desk, but it looked too heavy for me to lift.

"If you would let your logic and your emotion carry you away," he said calmly. "You would realise I made you look good."

"You made me look like a moron!"

HE shrugged. "If you displayed a lack of knowledge on a few subjects—it's excusable. Priscilla, on the other hand, was tricked into letting Ralph see the side of her he had never seen before. Not very pretty, was it?"

"You—planned it this way?"

"Of course. All the answers are in books. Priscilla is a witch, and if smart old Ralph never knew before, he knows it now. You needn't worry that he'll ever be sorry he married you instead of her." He smiled at me.

"You could be a genius," I said almost afraid to commit myself.

I heard the front door slam. "Unless I'm mistaken," Hank said, "that's Priscilla leaving."

"Maybe you are a genius," I said, and smiled back at him.

A minute later Ralph joined me.

"I'm sorry, darling," he said, coming right over to me and taking me in his arms. "I never in my whole life saw such an unforgettable display of rotten manners."

"It's all right," I told him.

"Mother and Dad were so embarrassed for her, they didn't know what to say."

"It's all right," I said again, and meant it. "But after what happened"—he didn't see me wink at Hank—"I guess you'll have to have special night classes for me."

"At your service," Ralph said goodnaturedly.

I moved closer to him. "I hope all our children are as smart as you. This is one question I've never asked you: Do you want a large family?"

"At your service," he repeated even more goodnaturedly.

We had forgotten that Hank was still in the room until he spoke thoughtfully. "One thing about babies—it really doesn't take brains to do it."

Ralph picked up a book and threw it at him. He caught it in mid-air.

"Tolstov's 'War and Peace,'" Hank said. "I've been meaning to re-read this." He held up his book in an Indian sign. "Peace, Brother," he said, and left us alone.

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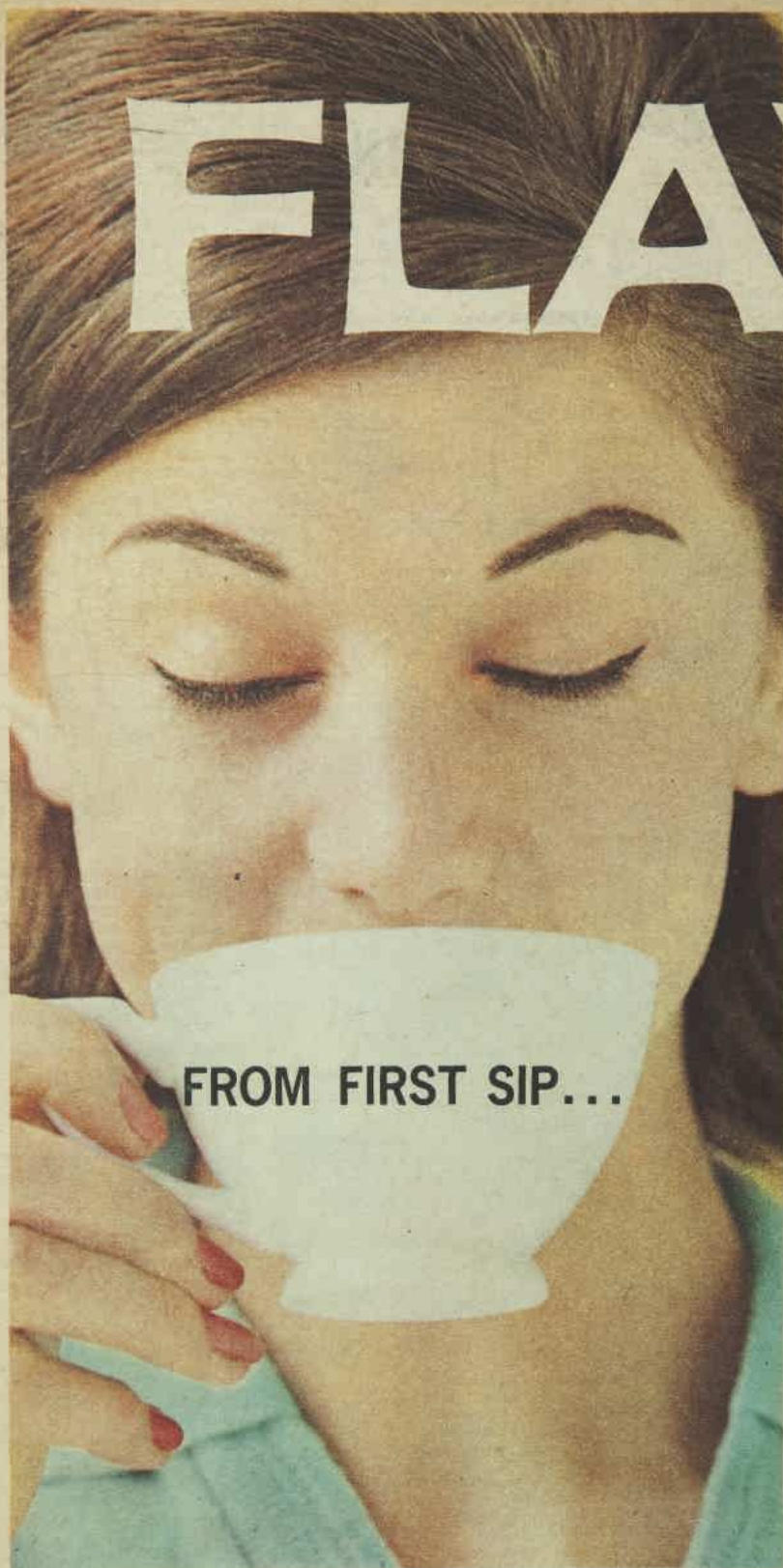
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